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which must be added to our news of last week. These all go to support the account which we gave of the position. The meeting of Conservative members called to affirm confidence in the Prime Minister turned out to be nothing less than an insult to him. How did the fiasco occur? It had been arranged that a vote of loyal support should be given. All the Prime Minister's friends were there. What happened at the last minute to cast so bright a gathering into darkness? The Conservative members were made to understand that their seats depended on Sir George Younger's organization. The effect of the sudden discovery of this elementary truth was electric and the current destined to light up the Premier's countenance was short-circuited. In the general disarray which ensued resolution after resolution was tried to mend the trouble without success. In notable contrast to this, another meeting of Conservatives was only prevented from passing a unanimous vote of confidence in Sir George Younger by an imperial waving of the hand and a Cæsarean shake of the head. Sir George Younger is above such things.

There can be no doubt that if the Prime Minister's Conservatives had been free men, the resolution could have been carried with a large majority. But the price of such a majority would have been a permanent cleavage in the party. Sir George Younger not only wins battle after battle but consolidates his positions after each victory. He has brought his army through the most difficult series of skirmishes intact. All that remains is to dictate terms to the enemy. This he has already done. They are of a most interesting kind and are subtlety itself. We give them herewith.

Mr. Lloyd George undertakes, on going out of office, not to go into opposition, but to support Mr. Chamberlain's Government so long as it keeps within the terms of the Coalition manifesto. The period of such support is naturally one of uncertainty and will depend on when Mr. Lloyd George sees a favourable opportunity of raising a popular cry, in which case a breach in the terms will be found to provide an excuse. When this arises the dissolution will be on us, but not before. The motive underlying the undertaking is the Prime Minister's fear of being forced immediately to go to the country without the support of the Conservative Party or any other Party except the National Liberals. The National Liberals have an organization and money, but nothing more. The organizers have not made such progress as had been hoped. Apart from this, for other reasons which we examine elsewhere, the moment would be most unpropitious for an appeal to the country.

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The support of Mr. Lloyd George for the prospective Conservative administration provides an escape from what would otherwise be the moral obligation to go to the country, if not the constitutional propriety of such a course. The Conservatives in the present House of Commons, let it not be forgotten, were elected with the assistance of Liberal votes. Naturally if the Liberals leave the Coalition it would be most improper for the Conservatives to remain in office. The position, however, is entirely changed if Mr. Lloyd George, in spite of withdrawal, remains in general support and

## Notes of the Week

LAST week we printed the following information, which, as we fully expected, has been denied, but which we nevertheless venture to repeat:—

Mr. Lloyd George has resigned. He has not yet done so in official form, but Mr. Chamberlain has the resignation in his pocket with power to use it on a suitable opportunity. The Premier has expressed the desire that the Irish Bill—whose third reading took place in the Commons on Wednesday—should be passed into law before the country is acquainted with his decision. He will then advise the King to send for Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Arthur Balfour being unwilling to form an administration. The task will then devolve on the Unionist Leader of forming a purely Conservative Government. All the Liberal Ministers, with the exception of Mr. Winston Churchill, will then cease to serve. Mr. Chamberlain will probably decide on an appeal to the country on the first available occasion. Mr. Lloyd George, with his purely personal following of National Liberals, will probably ask for the support of the country on his own merits. Whether he or Mr. Austen Chamberlain obtains the majority, the present Coalition is to all intents and purposes dead and buried.

On Sunday last the *Observer*, after stating quite correctly, "The Prime Minister's resignation is suspended. It is not finally *withdrawn*" (our italics), went on in its Political Notes to say, "There is not a word of truth in the ridiculous story of publications like the 'Latterday Revue.' " Ordinarily speaking, a direct charge against our veracity would be disturbing. On this occasion, however, we bear it with fortitude. The notion of consistency that prevails in our Sunday Press is, like its sense of humour, remarkable.

The Prime Minister's official resignation is hourly expected, although it may be delayed till the Irish Bill is through the Lords, as Mr. Lloyd George is desperately anxious to retain at least one future electioneering cry from the wreck of his achievements and may even purchase it by the loss of a little more prestige. One or two developments have occurred

gives the new administration his blessing. The most urgent reasons dictate the reluctance of the Conservative Party to ask for the suffrages of the country at once. Most serious considerations of tactics are now agitating Sir George Younger and his fellow-organizers. In order that they may make up their minds as to the most advisable course to follow, time is of the essence of the contract. The questions which they are in the course of discussing and on which they will have to take their decision we examine in a leading article, to which we direct the attention of our readers.

Lord Derby's refusal of the Secretaryship of State for India is but another confirmatory sign of the coming downfall. Lord Derby is obviously too astute a politician to hitch his waggon to a falling star. There are rumours that the post has been offered to Sir W. Joynson-Hicks. If this be so it is indeed a case of purchasing peace from the rebels at any price. Sir William has so recently been created a baronet too!

The letter Mr. Winston Churchill has written to his supporters in Dundee, asserting that the maintenance of the Coalition is necessary in the national interest, will have caused some surprise to the average observer of politics, coming as it does on the eve of the demise of the present administration. Reflection on the ambiguities of Mr. Churchill's personal position will clarify the apparent mystery. Those who read the revelations in our issue of last week will know that it is the intention of the Colonial Secretary to adhere to the Conservative Party. Naturally, he is as anxious as any man in his position would be to prolong the life of the Government, of which he is now a member, in order that he may delay, correspondingly, the decision by which he will forfeit much popular esteem. It is quite excusable, and Mr. Churchill has our sympathy.

When Mr. Churchill comes to announce his decision to remain with the Conservatives he will be universally stigmatized as a man who has changed his coat twice. He will have left the Unionist Party in order to take office under the Liberals, and he will have forsaken Liberalism in order to form part of the Conservative administration. This duplicity, however, is only apparent. Mr. Churchill has in reality been more consistent in his political life than many who have nominally persevered in their adherence to one party. The unreflecting man deludes himself when he imagines that parties are stable as rocks, and that those who leave them have abandoned their convictions. The reverse is often the case. The Liberal Party, for instance, under the influence of Mr. Lloyd George, forsook its essential character of individualism for doctrines which might more appropriately be held by Socialists, or even by Conservatives. The causes which contributed, for instance, to the abandonment of politics by so obviously sincere and consistent a man as Mr. Harold Cox, are a revelation of the fluctuating policies pursued by parties which are consistent only in the retention of their names. Whatever the grounds may be on which, from time to time, we may criticize Mr. Churchill, he may rest assured that we will hardly find fault with him because periodically he may leave one party for another. He is entitled to the public confidence so long as he is genuinely convinced of the righteousness of his course.

We have said that Mr. Churchill has made up his mind to stay with the Conservatives. Before his intention can be consummated, the Conservatives have to make up their minds whether or not they will have him. There will undoubtedly be the greatest difference of opinion. That Mr. Churchill is universally respected for his courage and his amazing cleverness, there can

be no doubt. He even has many admirers among the Labour Party, whom he so consistently flagellates. Nor could any man receive a greater tribute than to be admired by the very men he attacks. Nevertheless the Conservatives are most jealous of the integrity of their party. If the Constitutional wing, whose influence has been predominant throughout the crisis, have any say in the matter, it is probable that they will look askance on the retention of the Colonial Secretary. Already they are much dissatisfied with Lord Birkenhead, his close associate and friend. They will, however, show the greatest unwisdom if they drive Mr. Churchill forth. His great experience and the weight of his incomparable gifts will prove their greatest asset. But what on earth will Mr. Churchill do when it becomes a question of Free Trade or Protection once more? Then his difficulties will begin all over again.

Amongst the doubts which we feel about supporting the Conservative administration, which will in all probability inherit office on the death of the present Coalition, is their attitude towards Free Trade. The Constitutional Conservatives are firm Protectionists. The leaders of the party would in the main be quite ready to allow the sleeping beauty to remain asleep, but the greatest efforts will be made by the right wing to arouse her from her slumbers. If the right wing triumph, the greatest obstacle will be placed in the way of the rehabilitation of industry.

The Genoa Conference (if it happens at all) will begin on April 10—a concession to the impatience of our Prime Minister against longer delay. As we pointed out, this day falls in Holy Week, and no Italian Government could possibly countenance a meeting at such a time. The conference will not, therefore, "take place" till about the 18th, the plan being that the delegates are to arrive in Genoa, hold a formal opening session on the 10th, and then adjourn for a week, during which they will visit Rome as the guests of the Italian Government, and be enabled, in the case of delegates who are Catholics, to take part in the Easter ceremonies at St. Peter's. On this admirable compromise between the urgencies of Mr. Lloyd George (who will probably not be there) and the social conditions of Italy, the new Italian Government deserves congratulation.

A strong effort is being made both by France and Italy to associate the League of Nations with Genoa, not merely in its actual session but in its preparations. A week ago M. Poincaré sent a dispatch to Mr. Lloyd George suggesting that Sir Eric Drummond, who is Secretary General of the League, and his deputy, M. Jean Monnet—a very able young Frenchman, who has been concerned in Anglo-French financial and economic relations since 1914—should be associated with the Committee of Experts who are to sit on Monday next in London to prepare the Agenda. At the time of writing we understand that no indication has come from Criccieth as to whether this plan will be acceptable or not. In the meantime, the Italians themselves have asked for assistance at Genoa from the technical organizations of the League, i.e., from its Financial and Economic Committee, which, having jettisoned the Ter Meulen scheme for international credits and having had its assistance politely but finally declined by Austria, has no doubt some leisure on its hands.

On Saturday last the conference at Belgrade of economic experts of the Little Entente and Poland, to which we referred a fortnight ago, terminated satisfactorily, after an exhaustive exchange of Notes on transport, finance, and other contentious matters con-



connected with solving the problems of reconstruction in these countries. An agreement regarding collective action at Genoa was reached. Whatever may be the political aspect of the new Quadruple Alliance, its economic prospects are considerably improved by what has been done. A conference has also been held during this week in Warsaw between Poland on the one hand and Esthonia and Latvia on the other. In opening the conference, M. Skirmunt, the Polish Foreign Minister, said that they wanted mutual assurance and guarantees in their common effort towards the uplifting of Eastern Europe. Professor Piip, the Esthonian Foreign Minister, observed in his reply that their meeting together marked the *rapprochement* of the Baltic States in a joint endeavour to facilitate reconstruction. This also is all to the good.

At long last Lord Reading has caused Gandhi, sham saint and genuine rebel, to be arrested for sedition. It is most notable that none of the dismal prophecies have been fulfilled which foretold that this action would be followed by trouble even more serious than has existed for the last four months. Those in India or elsewhere who really wish India well received the news of the arch-agitator's arrest with relief. It is to be hoped that the Government of India, whether Lord Reading continue to be Viceroy or not, will deal firmly with the situation, which remains exceedingly grave. Sir William Vincent said in the Legislative Assembly now sitting in Calcutta that the "country was seething with lawlessness," and official dispatches show that local disorders are rife in the Punjab, Bengal, Oudh, Bihar and Orissa and Assam. It is reported that in some parts non-co-operators are anxious to begin civil disobedience and not anxious that it should be non-violent. The Prince's visit is over, and if its results have been better than might have been expected, this is largely due to the charm of his personality. The untoward incidents which occurred have had the good effect, negatively, of calling attention here in Britain to the reality of the peril in India.

The debate in the House on Tuesday on Egypt was a curiously lifeless affair, and there was little of that searching criticism which the subject undoubtedly called for if the policy recently declared by our Government with respect to that country bears the entirely changed character which some ascribe to it. We note that while Mr. Chamberlain spoke of the dropping of the Protectorate and the giving of the status of an independent sovereign state to Egypt, he was careful to point out that the British Army—he did not put it quite in that way, but this was what he meant—must be maintained in full force in Egypt till agreement was reached on the matters that had been reserved, including the security of British communications, the defence of Egypt against foreign interference, the protection of foreign interests and of minorities and the Sudan. Is it likely that such an agreement will be arrived at easily or quickly? We doubt it.

All being well (in the circumstances we use this phrase with some hesitation), the conference of the British, French and Italian Foreign Ministers on the Near East meets next week, and will, we hope, lose no time over non-essentials, but get to grips at once with the heart of the business—which is to constitute, or reconstitute, a definitive Turkey. Very nearly everybody agrees that the Sèvres Treaty must be revised. Reports are current that fighting has broken out again between the Greeks and the Turks, and a prompt settlement is urgently necessary. In this connexion we note that Mr. Montagu, in his now famous speech, said that he had never been able to understand from what motive the Prime Minister's pro-Greek policy was dictated. "I do not believe it is in the

interests of the Greeks," averred Mr. Montagu; "I do not know in whose interests it is. . . . Well, I suppose one day we shall understand the motive." Apart altogether from the innuendo these words unmistakably convey (and the name of Sir Basil Zaharoff was not so much as mentioned), we would simply say this: For our part we are sick and tired of a pro-Greek or a pro-Turk policy; what in our view is required is that, while being fair to others, the policy of this country should in this, as in other things, be a pro-British policy. It is high time that this was said, nor do we believe that in the view of the world Britain loses by a frank statement to this effect, but immeasurably gains.

Last Saturday the conference in Paris of the Allied Finance Ministers on reparations and the allocation of the gold received from Germany came to an end, and its decisions, embodied in a long official statement, gave to France a series of concessions which were much beyond her expectations, and to which we think it well that attention should be drawn. Instead of getting nothing, as was laid down under the agreement of last August, out of the first milliard of gold marks paid by Germany, she is now to receive 140 million francs or about 7 millions sterling. The other Allies have consented to allow the Wiesbaden agreements to be put into force in a modified form for three years, with substantial benefit to France, who also gains further advantages. The moral of all this is that persistence pays. It was really too bad that, just after the Finance Ministers had in effect settled their business, America should spring on them a demand for some 48 millions sterling in payment of the costs of her occupation of the Rhine up to May, 1921, the sum being little short of the milliard these Ministers had been apportioning. The sudden and disconcerting way in which this demand was put forward seems to us rather characteristically American.

The debate on the Housing policy last Monday showed quite clearly that the Ministry of Health has no intention of putting the Geddes proposal, to abandon the policy and sell off the houses to the highest bidder, into operation. Sir Alfred Mond's speech was remarkable for its ingenuousness. "The Government," he said, "has been charged with not having fulfilled its housing pledges, but was it realized that the State's contribution to housing was £190,000,000?" He omitted, however, to draw attention to the results of that expenditure. Let us recall them. Seventy thousand houses have been built. The occupier of each house pays £16 per annum in rent, leaving the public funds to find another £59 every year in respect of each house. But the few members of Parliament who were present at the debate were quite satisfied with Sir Alfred's imposing figures of expenditure, and they gave him his vote by a considerable majority. When the Minister detailed our colossal commitments, their breath was taken away, and they gasped with admiration. The cost of the machine, they evidently thought, must be the best test of its efficiency.

We are sorry to note that Lord Robert Cecil was among those who supported the Housing policy of the Government. Lord Robert has been in the forefront of the economy agitation. It is therefore with some surprise that we read of his emphatic espousal of social reform, and his assertion that "housing was one of the very last heads under which he would like to see expenditure curtailed." Firstly, we had hoped that Lord Robert had studied sufficiently deeply the Geddes report to see that the results of State enterprise had been quite disastrous and had completely failed to promote "social well-being," and, secondly, we had hoped that, quite apart from other considerations, he

would be identified with that policy of intensive economy and relentless retrenchment which alone can lead us back to prosperity and for which he has so often publicly proclaimed his support.

This is not the first time that the Rand has been the scene of serious disturbances. In 1913 there was a similar outbreak, though it was much less extensive than that which is being suppressed by General Smuts with such commendable thoroughness. The former rising masqueraded at the start, like the present, as an ordinary labour dispute, but developed, also like the present, into an attempt at revolution, overthrowing the social order. It was put down by Generals Botha and Smuts. In 1913 it was the anarchists and dynamitards; now it is the Communists and Bolsheviks, for, according to a correspondent of the *Times*, there are indications that the revolutionaries on the Rand are not only copying Bolshevik methods, but are in direct communication with Moscow. A particularly horrible feature has been a reckless attempt on the part of these Red revolutionaries to extend the area and nature of the disturbances by provocation of the natives—which raises the grim and terrible spectre of a race war that is the deepest dread of all South Africa. We know not whether General Smuts, with his previous experience in his mind, might not have taken action sooner, but as matters stand this ghastly effort at revolution under Bolshevik teaching and influence, like the similar but less sanguinary affair at Winnipeg two years ago, has a very distinct warning. There may not be a Smuts always at hand.

Lord Lee of Fareham earned the gratitude of the nation by his munificent gift of the historic house of Chequers as a country residence for our Prime Ministers; he earned the additional gratitude of the present holder of that office by making a gift immediate which had been designed to be testamentary. For these generousities he was very naturally and properly awarded a peerage. For some less well-understood reason he was also made First Lord of the Admiralty, a high office to which he had no obvious claim and for which he proved his unfitness by his weak and maladroit handling of the interests of the Navy and the country at Washington. He has now given further evidence of his unsuitability by introducing into the technical statement which is issued with the Navy Estimates a note of semi-evangelical sentimentality which is both nauseating and improper. When the Government is reconstructed, possibly the next tenant of Chequers could think of someone else.

Another wave of crime is passing over the country. Each day brings a fresh tale of murder and violence, of old women brutally done to death, of young women putting an end to lives which they had made intolerable. In Pentonville gaol three prisoners at the present time lie under sentence of death, and at least two in other prisons. The responsibility for this widespread licence is generally attributed to the war, but the war is only partly responsible. Men learned in that grim school a callousness for human life which they have not as yet outlived, but the root cause of the trouble is to be found in the popular doctrines of the day which have superseded the old-fashioned restraints of religion. It is not too much to say that the new psychological school of thought that deprecates restraint and repressions of every kind is largely responsible for the present deplorable condition of morals throughout the world. Quite independently of the activities of organized Christianity there must shortly be a natural and inevitable revulsion of feeling in favour of some kind of religion. It is daily being proved impossible to do without it. And no one seems yet to have been able to improve on Christianity.

## A CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT

THOSE who have followed the course of events as revealed in our columns will know that the life of the present Coalition is not long to be continued. In so far as it continues at this moment it is enabled to give evidence of a fitful vitality only by methods of the most skilled artificial respiration. We write these words on the assumption that a Conservative Government is to inherit the seals of office bequeathed by Mr. Lloyd George, who is now *in articulo mortis*. Sir George Younger emerges from the events of the last three months as perhaps the most skilful tactician in Parliamentary history. He has tried conclusions with the Prime Minister, the most redoubtable politician in Europe, and he has won. It is not surprising that a Prime Minister who has entered the lists against every modern statesman of repute, against the most able representatives of every department of life in this country, and against the most subtle diplomats of every other country, should now be dismayed to find the sword beaten out of his hand by a mere tyro. That he who has swept the board at a thousand conferences, before whom Labour leaders, newspaper proprietors, business men, and the chancelleries of Europe have quaked and given way should have come to this—oh, what a fall is here! But events in politics sweep on, and, leaving those who have played their part behind, we must consider the immediate future.

In our notes we have shown how skilfully Sir George Younger has avoided the moral necessity of an immediate dissolution. The Prime Minister has realized the transparent futility of playing the electoral card, his last, at this moment. The reasons are obvious. Unemployment is rife. Industry is wounded by a great labour disturbance and is otherwise depressed. The posture of affairs in Ireland is ugly. The doubtful and disquieting symptoms of Indian unrest have been aggravated and intensified by the Montagu incident. Egypt is in a period of transition. Palestine gives cause for alarm. Our relations with France are not based on confidence. America is suspicious. The Conference at Genoa gives no promise of success. No; if ever there were an unpropitious moment for a General Election it is this. But if the disadvantages of asking for the support of the country immediately are obvious to the Prime Minister of the Coalition, they must appeal with equal force to a Conservative party that has formed its main support and that must share with it the ignominy of failure. An electorate which is sick and tired of the administration which now prevails is not likely to surge with enthusiasm for those who have so predominantly participated in the conduct of affairs. No one realizes the inappropriateness of an appeal to the country better than Sir George Younger. Needless to say, the Conservative leaders share the realization with him.

Everything, therefore, is to be gained—nothing is to be lost—by delay. In a short while great changes can be brought about. An economical Budget can be introduced. A legislative pause can be given. The extravagant millennialist measures that now inflate the Statute Book can be curtailed or expunged. The consequent remission of taxation will allow both individuals and trade to stretch their arms, to breathe again, and to recover health. The restrictive bandages now wound so tightly around the communal liberties and pleasures can be undone. Men may feel free again. International mistrust may be allayed, if not dispelled. A clear attitude towards our French allies may restore our broken friendship. A firm and precise understanding with Germany may be arrived at once for all. The constant fluctuations and readjustments in our reparations demands may give way to a mutual offer and acceptance which shall allow both it and us to understand the extent of our expectations. The relationships between the American Government and England, now so unsatisfactory, may be reassured. It is no



secret that President Harding has declined an invitation to the Genoa Conference because it was the current opinion of his people that it was nothing less than an electoral "stunt," personal to Mr. Lloyd George and having nothing whatever to do with the hope, probability, or even possibility of a settlement of European affairs. The disorganization of Europe and to no small extent the faltering confidence of the world are attributable to the equivocation and unreliability of Mr. Lloyd George himself. Dual lines of conduct towards the dependencies of the Empire, which sprang perhaps from the composition of the Coalition itself, have taught agitators and idealists the lesson that no word is final and that every concession is but a stage in the battle.

A consistent administration, whether it believes in a gradual process of scaling off our dependencies, or whether, as the Conservatives undoubtedly do, it holds the view that the Empire should be preserved at all costs, is preferable to hesitation and doubt. It is quite possible to be an idealist Liberal and yet to deem it desirable that whoever speaks for England should speak with a firm and unwavering voice, sustained and fortified by a determined authority. It matters not at the moment which course we pursue, provided we pursue it with strength and integrity. A release from all the uncertainties of the hour would bring much relief.

Delay in dissolving the present House of Commons is bound, therefore, to react to the advantage of the Conservative party. But apart from these international and domestic considerations, a pause will give time to the party as a whole to reconstitute itself and co-ordinate its forces. Leaders will be brought into touch and sympathy with the rank and file and there will be a general reconciliation. Sir George Younger, in refusing to allow his party to pay the price of disruption in order to purchase a continuance of the Prime Minister's rule, has done a service not only to his own party but to politics. The discordant and wavering factions which disgrace the present assembly would, in the natural course of things, have broken up the ancient constitutional system of this realm and set up in its place the continental habits and practices of government by chance alliances and haphazard unions. The lessons of a substantially successful past demonstrate beyond a doubt that our representative and party methods of government are superior to any substitute of delegation and faction which could be set up in their stead. At a most critical juncture in our political history Sir George Younger has shown in ironical contradistinction to the Prime Minister—with whom the reverse is the case—that the crisis can still produce the man. The gratitude of every lover of the constitution, whether he be Liberal, Conservative, or anything else, must at this hour go out to him. What the outcome of Mr. Lloyd George's administration, antagonistic as it was to the continuation of our time-honoured constitutional practices, would have been is fearful to imagine. There is now at last a prospect that after the heated night-club life of the Coalition Government we may find some rest and enjoy a convalescence in the calm, green fields and fresh country air of a Conservative administration. There, in tranquillity and freedom from the din and bustle of the last seven years, we shall regain much that we have lost. We shall see politics once again in perspective; we shall recover our health, our zest of life, perhaps our happiness. There is not a man nor a woman among us who cannot rejoice at the prospect of fleeing from all this clamour and uncertainty, of leaving behind these distractions, domestic, European, international, of escaping from the manifold devices of an over-heated legislature to take respite, to enjoy peace, to forget dissension. We may not spend long with the Conservatives, but we have been under the influence of the Coalition long enough.

If members of the Conservative party who are wavering between the alternatives of dissolution and continuance in office will reflect on the considerations we have placed before them, they will, we feel assured,

conclude that an appeal to the country at this juncture would be fatal to their interests. By the end of the year their prospects will be brighter. Their best course will be to terminate the Session early in July and go to the country at the end of the year.

## INDIA AND THE CABINET

MR. EDWIN MONTAGU has been singularly unfortunate in the circumstances of his resignation. Retiring ministers commonly become enveloped in a veil of charity as the days go by. We realize that they were, after all, not so bad as we thought they were, that it is human to err and that, but for the grace of Providence, we might ourselves have been in the same position. In the case of Mr. Montagu, on the contrary, the more we examine the matter the more do his offences grow. He committed an indiscretion of the gravest kind, the full consequences of which are not yet apparent and will probably not be clearly seen for some weeks to come. He has aggravated this indiscretion by a series of the most reckless mis-statements, pleasing at the moment to those who love to think of politics as a kind of dog-fight, but on examination damaging to the last degree to the man who has made himself responsible for them. He refers to a letter from Lord Curzon, and describes it in a series of epithets which have an air of verisimilitude to those who have, like most of us, smiled from time to time at Lord Curzon's peculiar gestures as a statesman. Lord Curzon produces the letter, and we find that it is a very proper and restrained statement of an unanswerable position, and that it could not by the widest stretch of malice be described in the terms in which Mr. Montagu describes it. He jests at Cabinet responsibility, and cites in excuse of his own error two cases which have no bearing on it at all. Mr. Churchill, expressing the views of the settlers in the Kenya Colony, had spoken strongly against Indian immigration, but there was no evidence whatever that the matter had even been mentioned in the Cabinet, or that anything was said which did not express an antagonism much older than the present Government, which existed in the case of British East Africa before the war. Colonel Amery printed the Admiralty memorandum traversing some of the statements in the Geddes Report. But the Geddes Report had never been before the Cabinet as a whole, and the Geddes Committee did not contain a single Cabinet minister.

We shall not be suspected in the SATURDAY REVIEW of assenting to Mr. Lloyd George's methods of government; they have, indeed, been frequently criticized in these columns, but whatever inroads have been made on the old principle of Cabinet solidarity, it still remains axiomatic, even under Mr. Lloyd George's regime, as it has been since Cabinets began, that a minister must conform to the policy of his chief. The anti-Turkish policy with which Mr. Lloyd George is associated has undoubtedly been the subject of Cabinet discussion. It has been publicly reiterated by the Prime Minister himself on many occasions. It was in order that it should be defended, and, if necessary, brought to some kind of compromise with the French pro-Turkish policy that Lord Curzon had arranged to go to Paris next week. By his action Mr. Montagu, therefore, has made nonsense of a course of action which, rightly or wrongly, has been consistently upheld by the British Government ever since the Armistice, has presented the astute diplomatists of France with a weapon which they may be trusted to use in the most efficient manner possible, and has confronted Great Britain with the unpleasant dilemma either of deferring in Europe and the Near East to a policy of which it has been a resolute antagonist or of adding one more item to the elements of exasperation which are leading India to the verge of a second mutiny. Clearly not an enviable week's work to look back upon.

The issues raised by this deplorable affair go deeper, however, than any merely personal question. They

involve nothing less than a re-examination of the position held by India and the Indian Government in the British Commonwealth of Nations, as it is now the fashion to call what we used to know as the British Empire. India was given the status of an empire by Queen Victoria and Mr. Disraeli between them. The description was magniloquent. It pleased the Queen, it pleased India, and it pleased the people of this country. It had the deeper merit of not involving any assumptions whatever as to the right of the Government which administered India in the Queen's name to express or adopt a policy separate from that of her ministers at home. The Viceroy reigned as the representative of the Queen. He ruled subject to the direction and supervision of the Secretary of State for India, who was a member of the British Cabinet, and as such responsible with his colleagues for carrying out the policy of the Prime Minister, and only through the Prime Minister (not directly on ceremonial grounds like the Viceroy) responsible to the Crown. Though the Secretary of State for India, however, has always been subordinate in the sense that the Prime Minister could at any time require his resignation, and that he is bound by any policy decided upon by the Prime Minister and Cabinet, he has enjoyed a certain immunity from Parliamentary control owing to the fact that the Indian Government and the army in India are paid out of the revenues of India itself and are, therefore not subject to Parliamentary supervision.

This position, which was to a certain degree illogical, persisted until towards the end of the war, when, for some inadequately explained reason, and by no formal act of government, India was said to have been recognized as having Dominion status. Theoretically an empire, with all the magnificence and separation that the word connotes, India was allowed to assume a position similar to Canada and Australia, to neither of which countries she had any real analogy, and to assert her right to be represented separately at the Peace Conference and to acquire membership of the League of Nations. How mischievous this change (dictated on purely sentimental grounds) has been, only those who are accustomed to hear the really candid political conversation of Frenchmen and Americans can know. Whereas Canada, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia were all represented at the Peace Conference by their Prime Ministers, who held office directly under the King, through his Governors-General, the chief delegate for India was the Secretary of State. "I had," said Mr. Montagu in the House on Wednesday, "been given one of the most difficult positions a man could ever fill, the position as head of one of the departments of His Majesty's Government and head of the Indian Peace Delegation." Mr. Montagu understates the situation. The position was not merely difficult. It was both improper and impossible. Until we get back to the sound constitutional doctrine, which is that the Government of India is subordinate in all matters, whether inside or outside its territories, to the Home Government, the proper conduct of Imperial foreign policy is impossible too.

#### THE LAW OF COVERTURE

THE effect of modern legislation and the social changes brought about by the late war make it opportune, perhaps, to consider the present state of the law as to the criminal responsibility of married women, especially in view of the result of the Peel prosecution at the Central Criminal Court. From the earliest times the legal textbook writers assumed husband and wife to be one person in the eye of the law, *unica persona quia caro una et sanguis unus*, and from this standpoint was deduced the legal fiction of the immunity of a wife from punishment for crime committed in the presence, and therefore under the presumed coercion, of her husband. "So great a favourite," says Blackstone, "is the female sex of the laws of England." Regarding the mode in which such

rules of law are formulated, Mr. Sheldon Amos says ('Science of Law,' p. 49), "a spontaneous practice is first followed and, if good and useful, is generally copied over and over again, the more so as habit and association always render the imitation of an old and familiar practice easier than inventing a new and untried one." But as Sir Henry Maine points out ('Village Communities,' p. 58) "if a tradition be not kept steady by corresponding practice it may be warped by all sorts of extraneous influences." Again, Mr. Sheldon Amos observes (*ibid.*, p. 129), "the same course of legislation must be pursued with respect to the legal distinctions between men and women as between men and men. This is not a question of policy but of moral necessity, and it will, sooner or later, be recognized to be so."

Leaving the academic for the more practical side of the question, we would draw attention to the case of *R. v. Hughes*, in which Baron Thomson laid it down that if a wife commits a felony in the presence of her husband, the law, out of tenderness for the wife, raises a presumption *prima facie*, and *prima facie* only, that the felonious act was done under the coercion of the husband, but it is absolutely necessary that the husband should, in such case, be actually present and taking part in the transaction. This presumption, however, may be rebutted, as it actually was in the case last referred to, by evidence that, in committing the felony, the wife was the more active party. The authorities upon this question do not, unfortunately, provide any definite or reasoned classification of the cases to which this presumption applies. With regard to this Lord Halsbury said, in the case of *Brown v. Attorney General for New Zealand*, that the decisions on the subject have not been entirely uniform. It is said by Blackstone that a married woman is responsible for all crimes which, though committed in the presence of her husband, are, like murder, *mala in se*; but this dictum is obviously too wide, for the presumption of coercion has been applied to such felonies as burglary and larceny. The law as to whether this presumption of coercion may be extended to offences of misdemeanour seems to be no less nebulous. Blackstone's opinion was that in all misdemeanours the wife may be found guilty with the husband, but here again exceptions have been made. It was held (*R. v. Williams*) that a wife was rightly convicted, with her husband, of keeping a brothel, and "the *ratio decidendi* in that case was that the wife might probably have as great, nay a greater, share in the criminal management of the house, and that the offence was such as might generally be presumed to be managed by the intrigues of the sex."

In another case, *R. v. Cruse*, a woman was convicted, with her husband, of assaulting their child, on the ground, only, that the presumption of coercion was rebutted by the active part taken by the wife in ferocious ill-treatment of her child. It was in this case that a dictum of Mr. Justice Burroughs was quoted, "that if a wife was in company with her husband, the law always presumed her to be under his control, though the jury, being married men, probably knew that the contrary was often the fact."

A quite opposite view was taken in another case, *R. v. Price*, in which a woman charged with her husband with uttering counterfeit coin was, by direction of the presiding Judge, acquitted on the same presumption, and in the case of *R. v. Torpey* (assault) a similar course was followed. All this tends to show that the decision of cases in which the defence of coercion has been raised rests largely upon the facts of the case actually under consideration.

If this conclusion is accurate, how far can the presumption of coercion properly be applied under present and probable future conditions? Having regard to the provisions of the Representation of the People Act, 1918, and of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act, 1919, can it reasonably be argued that a married woman must, in committing a criminal act jointly with her husband, be deemed to act under his coercion?



Supposing that a wife is a parliamentary elector, and in that capacity capable of influencing legislation, is it to be assumed that she is not responsible to the laws which she has indirectly made? Again, consider the case of a wife who happens to be a Peeress, a Member of Parliament, a doctor of medicine, or, as may shortly be the case, a barrister-at-law. Would any sensible person maintain that if a wife so qualified be charged with her husband with a criminal offence she should receive the benefit of the fiction of "coercion" and be acquitted, when, as a matter of fact, the husband, devoid of such qualifications, may even have taken counsel with his wife before they together embarked on their nefarious scheme?

It is a truism that privileges and responsibilities of citizenship must go hand in hand, and it is difficult to understand why, in these days, a woman should, simply owing to her married state, be legally irresponsible for her criminal acts. The present state of the law upon this subject is uncertain and anomalous, and appears to be to a great extent opportunistic.

We suggest that the question of the responsibility of married women for their criminal acts, whenever and however committed, should be settled, once and for all, by Parliament.

### WOMEN NOVELISTS ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

By HUGH WALPOLE

IN the years 1918 and 1919, the young men writers were producing nothing but poetry. The Beresfords and the Swinnertons were pushed aside by the Sassoons and the Nicholsons. Everybody wrote poetry, either bitter or idealistic, either democratic or patriotic, and by 1920 there were so many thousands of small volumes of verse that there might have been several large bonfires in the centre of Trafalgar Square, the poets burning the works of one another, without anyone alive perceiving the loss of anything. The novel seemed for a moment to take a back place. Then the women rushed forward and saved the situation. Saved it or lost it, who knows? It is of course far too early to say at this moment what they intend to do with it. I don't suppose that they themselves know. All I can say is that it is now, in this year of grace 1922, quite definitely in their hands, and one can name half a dozen women who have all come forward in the last five years, whose personalities are now quite firmly recognized by anyone who has any interest in contemporary literature. The curious thing is that against these half dozen can be set no new men writers with the definite exception of Mr. Michael Sadleir, the author of 'Privilege,' and perhaps the authors of two remarkable volumes of short stories, Mr. Norman Davey and Mr. John Russell. Six names of women novelists that occur at once to the mind are Miss Rose Macaulay, Miss Romer Wilson, Miss Clemence Dane, Miss Virginia Woolf, Miss Sackville-West, and Miss Dorothy Richardson. To these there should, of course, be added the names of Miss May Sinclair and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, were it not that both those ladies made their reputation before the period of which I am speaking. They are, however, quite definitely the leaders of this new women's movement in fiction. There are other names which occur to one—Miss Rebecca West, Miss Katherine Mansfield, Mrs. Mary Webb, Miss Stella Benson, Miss E. M. Delafield, but none of these ladies have written enough to assure one definitely of their position, with the exception of Miss Delafield, who is, however, exhibiting just now a sad limitation of theme and method.

Here then are these ladies coming to the front in a regular phalanx, just as in the early 'nineties Madame Sarah Grand, Mrs. Caffyn, Mrs. Steel, George Egerton, Ella Darcy, were doing. The first point of interest is—how does this new band compare with that old one?

Has it, allowing for the difference of times and manners, something of the same aims and methods that those earlier writers had, and is it achieving something of the same success? One great difference immediately leaps to the eye. The ladies of the early 'nineties were one and all propagandists. New and wonderful to them was the freedom of the modern woman. Who knew but that in another fifty years they might even have the vote? Women had been seen riding bicycles in knickerbockers, one woman somewhere had smoked a cigarette, and the mere whisper of the mystic words "Equality of the sexes" made a novel sell like hot cakes. Those dear, old fashioned, cosy, comfortable days of 'The Heavenly Twins,' 'The Wages of Sin,' 'The Yellow Aster,' 'Some Emotions and a Moral,' and 'The Open Question'! Where are the leaves of yester year? Once again we have inequality of the sexes, but this time it is the man who is subordinate. Special pipes of a delicate filigree texture are being sold in Jermyn Street for the use of ladies. Lady champions at golf and tennis and even football are photographed, photographed, followed and pursued from one end of the globe to the other. The ladies of the Lyceum Club, the biggest woman's club in London, sat breathlessly in rows one day last June, their eyes glued to the tape, waiting for the issue of the Derby. We have women preachers in our best London churches, women M.P.'s, women barristers, and the women's college of medicine is so overcrowded that new buildings are most urgently desired. It follows naturally then that our new women novelists will not in all probability be deeply concerned with propaganda, they having, poor things, nothing about which they can propagand. It follows on that that they are, much more than their older sisters, definitely concerned with art. Instead of the vote and divorce, they are pre-occupied with technique, dialogue, realism, and the rest, and every one of the women whom I have named is experimenting with some form, sometimes new, sometimes old, but always the chief matter of their pre-occupation. Take Miss Dane's 'Legend,' Miss Richardson's 'Tunnel,' Miss Woolf's 'The Voyage Out,' and above all Miss Wilson's 'Death of Society,' and see whether these books are not, in their technique at any rate, more audacious and enterprising than the work of any contemporary men. Mr. Swinnerton, it is true, a year or two back, produced a piece of perfect technique in his beautiful 'Nocturne,' but he did it quite unconsciously, the artist in him using the means which were best suited to the delicate theme; and only last year Mr. Brett Young produced 'The Black Diamond,' again a splendid piece of workmanship, but it was with the life and soul of his hero that he was chiefly concerned and not with the length of his chapters, the corkscrew pattern of his dialogue, or the ingenious arrangement of his suspenseful dots.

The second thing that one notices about these new novelists is their attitude to their own sex. Time brings in its revenges, and one of the most curious results up to the present of the new position of women is that the women writers spend their time in exposing other women as no men writers have ever dared to do. What male novelist has ever been so scornful of his own sex as Miss Rose Macaulay, Miss Delafield, and Miss Virginia Woolf? The books of these ladies are simply packed with satirical pictures of silly women, women who think they are clever and aren't, women who think that they are unselfish and are not, women who think that they are chaste and are not. Especially in these books do we find again and again exposures of feminine egotism. Miss Delafield indeed deals in nothing else. Here and there in these pages fine women are to be found like the heroine of 'First the Blade,' or the elderly amorist in 'The Death of Society,' but it is to be noticed that these finer women are more like men than any of the male characters, for it can be said without much fear of denial that where these women fail is in their portrayal of the opposite sex. This is no new thing. The same complaint has been made time and

again of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell and George Sand, but it is really surprising to look through all the books written by these new novelists and to search vainly for a real man who is a man. Take the men in Miss Macaulay's book 'Dangerous Ages' and they amount simply to nothing at all. Miss Wilson's man in 'The Death of Society' is like a young girl hysterically in love with an older woman. The men in Miss Woolf's 'Night and Day' are all elderly spinsters, and Miss Delafield's men are clothes props. There are, of course, certain exceptions. The little Russian professor in Miss Richardson's novel, 'Interim,' is a masterpiece. Miss Sackville-West's two maimed brothers in her extraordinary book 'The Dragon in Shallow Waters' are, in spite of their deformities, real men with men's thoughts and feelings. Miss Sackville-West, indeed, to judge from her two novels already published, is much more successful with men than any of her sister novelists.

With this feminine inability goes also a kind of feminine softness and looseness which makes many of these books, on looking back upon them, dim and faint.

Our younger men novelists may not be geniuses and the works they produce may not be masterpieces, but in one way or another they do succeed in giving their work definite outline and concrete form, so that, for instance, looking back upon 'Jacob Stahl' or 'Sinister Street' or 'On the Staircase' or 'The Crescent Moon' or 'Sons and Lovers,' we remember those works and they do mean something definitely to us. I am bound to confess that entertained, as I always am, by every book of Miss Macaulay's, when I look back and try to consider 'Potterism,' 'What-Not' and 'Non-Competence,' I cannot distinguish one book from the other and have only a sense of continuous verbal felicities, sharp digs at one thing and another and a most delightful humour. It is the same with Miss Woolf, whose 'Voyage Out' was brilliant but most strangely inconclusive; the same again with Miss Delafield, whose succession of selfish elderly women fade into one unpleasant hawk-nosed female; it is even the same with Miss Richardson, who until she produced her little professor had given me as a permanent possession little beside A.B.C. shops and dentists' parlours. From Miss Dane, Miss Wilson, and Miss Sackville-West, a clear impression remains. It will be long before I forget Miss Sackville-West's blind man, Miss Dane's schoolmistress, and Miss Wilson's Martin Schuler, but even here not enough remains. There are threads of softness running through these works, a sort of enveloping mist, rosy indeed, beautifully coloured, but obscuring the outlines of the distant scene.

Nevertheless, I would not for a moment deny the fine work that these women are doing. They are artists, they are independent and fearless, they are in most cases poets, they love their craft, they are carrying the English novel forward with waving banners and unfaltering purpose. They are, I think, a little inclined towards arrogance, they lack, in most cases, that final generosity of humour that admits every kind of worshipper into the temple, but it will be of no ordinary interest to see what they will do within the next ten years, now that the English novel for a time is in their hands.

### LUCK IN THE HUNTING FIELD

NOWHERE, I should imagine, is a total stranger more completely at a disadvantage than in the hunting field, that is, if he happens to be one of that sort which prefers to take an independent line rather than follow somebody else. Excepting, of course, flying or open countries where it is possible actually to ride with hounds, some knowledge of the district and the probable run of a fox is almost essential. There is, however, such a thing as stranger's

luck—something akin to the proverbial luck of the beginner in all fields of sport—of which one sees remarkable, and sometimes distinctly humorous examples. Here is a perfectly authentic story which for sheer irony takes some beating. It occurred many years ago in Devonshire, that land of sporting memories, and runs thus:

A certain M.F.H. from a neighbouring county, a Colossus of the hunting world, whose name is still a byword in the west, had come to hunt, by special invitation, with an old-established pack whose master was one of the most famous huntsmen of his day. The visitor was particularly anxious to see his contemporary at work: the latter as keenly desired to show good sport for the distinguished guest's benefit. Altogether, it was a typical "Pomponius Ego day." Everybody concerned seemed to be upon tenterhooks, and this being painfully apparent at the meet, the move-off was hailed with general relief. The day began auspiciously. Hounds had scarcely entered the first covert—one of the tangled furzy brakes so characteristic of the country—when a suggestive whimper announced that a fox was afoot, and almost before the full chorus arose a tally down wind told us that he was away. So far, so good; and better was to follow. Hounds were out in no time, and, settling to the line, rattled away in fine style, and for the first fifteen minutes nothing better could have been desired. But, alas and alack! the fox turned out to be a craven after all. An open earth in one of the innumerable sandbanks of the district proved too strong a temptation for him, and in he popped. Terriers were forthcoming, however, and a sturdy, badger-headed member of the breed, famous for grit, speedily persuaded Brer Fox to vacate his too-early-sought sanctuary. But in that earth—by strange chance, for it was but a rabbit-hole—there lurked another fox, a high-conditioned old traveller, who likewise declined to face the redoubtable "Ben" at close quarters, and on to his ill-omened line of evil fortune directed the pack. A stranger thereabouts, the fox at first went stoutly down wind to take his bearings, crossed that historic highway which drives straight as an arrow across the Devonshire hills, and held on a little distance, pointing, as everybody supposed, for a big wood not far ahead; and towards that wood galloped the entire field. By that time, however, Reynard had discovered that his pursuers meant business, and, deeming it wise to make for country he knew, faced about, and with hounds in close attendance re-crossed the turnpike and set his mask for his own stronghold, ten good miles away. Meanwhile the field, including the master and all his staff, rattled on to the big wood, to discover in due course that hounds had not been near the place, nor, for the time being, did anybody seem to know where they had gone, or what to do. In a word, the illustrious visitor, riding quietly apart, had been one of the very few who saw the pack turn. To cut a long story short, he had a remarkable hunt, practically to himself, and, after a somewhat dramatic finish *on the master's very lawn*, had kennelled the hounds and gone home before the said gentleman, naturally exasperated and chagrined beyond words, put in a belated appearance.

Upon another occasion a youth, hunting for the first time with a Gloucestershire pack of foot-harriers—more by luck than judgment, as I can unhesitatingly avow, being the person concerned—had the distinction of "cutting down" the large regular field, and being alone with hounds across five miles of water-country. That hunt, by the way, ended with singularly suspicious suddenness at a gipsy encampment on the slopes of Mendip. And only last week, again, by strange coincidence, upon the occasion of my first appearance in a certain country, I saw a curious thing which, as a striking instance of how a fox may be *lost* is, perhaps, worth publication. After a somewhat unlucky start, I was pursuing a stern chase down a wet lane in the direction where I judged hounds to be, when I heard their cry, and next instant they swept into view, racing



parallel with the lane, "belly to grass with a burning scent." They streamed past; pointing for another road a quarter of a mile to my left, and thence shortly after came a holloa. Knowing what that so often means, I waited, and, sure enough, two minutes later espied the fox stealing back in the shadow of a hedge-row on whose farther side, within fifty yards of him, the hounds were momentarily at check.

Being aware that for various reasons a kill in that neighbourhood was highly to be desired, I did my best to get hounds on; but they were confused by the holloaing ahead, and would not come to me, eventually catching the heel line which they followed to the point where their fox had been headed. He meanwhile made the best of his good fortune, running back, by accident or design, exactly upon the old "foil," i.e., the precise way he had come. This, incidentally, is a famous trick amongst hunted hares, but I never before saw a fox do anything of the sort. Of course when hounds were at last got back they could not immediately own it, and the master—to whom I was quite unknown—naturally, perhaps, could not believe but that I had been mistaken, and, casting in another direction, never recovered his fox.

## BEAUTY AND MATHEMATICS

By D. S. MACCOLL

It appears to me to be axiomatic, and I do not know whether anyone would deny, that *if we knew enough* we should be able to explain, in terms of measurement, why a beautiful thing is beautiful. The audible or visible rhythms which affect us with the sense of beauty depend upon vibrations of the air or ether, and vibrations are measurable. Vibrations themselves are small rhythms, each of them a wave, with flow and recoil; the larger and more complex systems of rhythm which we call works of nature or works of art are built from the small units of vibration, and when we call them beautiful it must be in virtue of arrangements whose law is discoverable and susceptible of arithmetical or geometrical statement.

That being admitted, it would seem that the next step is a simple one. It is only necessary for the man of science to get to work upon the beautiful object, measure it, ascertain the relations of the measurements and declare the law. But it is not so simple as that. The man of science must be able to tell the beautiful object from those not beautiful, and how far the beautiful object is beautiful if he is to have sure ground for measuring at all; and given a beautiful object he must know from what points and to what points the measurements are to be taken. The artist, on the other hand, has seldom sufficient analytic faculty, or, even if he has, not sufficient grasp of mathematics to attempt the measuring. I do not know whether even the mathematicians have anywhere set out a theory of rhythm and of proportion. An artist-critic here and there has possessed something of the double faculty: Leonardo, Dürer, John Ruskin. But even upon these confusion attends. Take the case of Dürer, who attempted to settle a canon of human proportions. The English admirers of Dürer, by the way, have never taken the trouble to translate his treatise into English, and few, to judge by their writings, have even read it. Now there is an initial difficulty about this inquiry, whether in the hands of Polyclitus or of Dürer. We use "beauty" loosely of a man or woman to include all manner of considerations that make up the sum of human attractiveness: desirability, loveliness, nobility and so forth; and these are so overbearingly important that we forget how the rhythmical structure of the human animal has been distorted by adoption of the erect position: it is not really so beautiful as our desires and affections persuade us. Next came for Dürer the difficulty: from what points are measurements to be taken: his points are doubtfully organic. Next he was confronted with the problem: is man or woman to be

the norm, and at what age, of what height, of what thinness or stoutness? He adopted a limited number of types; whereas the inquiry so far as beauty and not normality is concerned requires a solution for all figures, even the most grotesque, that yield us rhythmical satisfaction, say a dwarf or hunchback.\* Such being the fallacious matter of the human canon, judge how fanciful must be the frequently renewed attempt of founding upon it the laws of an entirely different structure, that of architecture. Yet the mystic figure of the "perfect man" as a clue to the perfect building has dogged architectural theory, enshrined as it was in Vitruvius with his half-knowledge of Greek speculation, and present as it doubtless was in mediæval doctrine as well.

But the arts of space are so complicated in their rhythms that it will be better to illustrate the difficulties of measurement in a simpler field, that of the arts of time. Design in space has two dimensions, or, to avoid a by-path of discussion here, let us say at least two dimensions. It has also an infinity of directions. We can measure not only forwards but backwards, not only backwards and forwards but up and down, and not only straight up and down but up and down at any angle and at any curvature. In time there is only one dimension and one direction, namely, forwards: the stream of sound is a single line, which does not reverse. It is true that we use the image "up" and "down" of melody and talk of its "curves": but these are merely spatial metaphors, of which we find it impossible to rid our imagination: they are even, I should say, essential to our pleasure in music. One result of this nature of sound is that nothing like the infinite variety and refinement of proportion in spatial rhythm is possible to it. We can pore over and compare those refinements present to our eye simultaneously in the field of vision: we can only comprehend simple relations in the before and after of the stream of sound, one moment of which is present to the ear. Hence the tendency to the "square" build in musical structure, groups of 8, 16, 32 bars: hence the constitution of music and of verse (I leave again aside the by-way of prose) out of repeated equal units of time.

Verse is simpler still than music in its structure, because the voice is single: there are therefore no simultaneous rhythms as there may be in the different instruments of music, and therefore no harmony. There is also no prescribed melody: it is left to the individual reader to improvise his own; this melody does not belong to the formalized "scale" of music, and does not exceed a single octave. It is a little easier to grasp varying proportions in verse than in music, when verse is *read* and not *heard*, because the printed page, by its approximate graphic representation of the length of lines, helps out the memory of sounds. If, then, the measurers are to find an easy field for their research, it is in verse, if anywhere, that it exists.

So it would seem: but we are met at the outset by the remarkable fact that all but one or two of our poets, professors and critics deny the existence of measure in English verse. Metre means measure, and most of those poets and critics have had a drilling in Greek and Roman verse where regular equal quantities of time called "feet"† are recognized, marked off by stress. That is the meaning of metrical rhythm; but the extraordinary idea prevails that in English one of the necessary factors of metre, the equal quantities of time, has disappeared, leaving only the marks of those quantities, the stresses. The very elements of measurement are denied by such nonsense. At this point in the debate come in the scientific measurers, who attempt to settle the discussion by mechanical records. Un-

\*Dürer carried his system into proportional deformations of the normal type, and even provided for transforming his normal diagrams into foreshortened views; we seldom, of course, see the human body otherwise, and quite new proportions are set up. Incidentally he made use of squares and cubes, which may have been the source of "Cubism."

†In the Greek "foot" there is some confusion between the "bar," which is the clear rhythmical conception, and the phrase, but none as to its value in time.

fortunately, as Mr. William Thomson points out, they do not know from what points to take their measurements. They are under the superstition of the printed groups of symbols called syllables. Take the phrase, "The spring is broken." Here a stress falls in the word "spring" and in the syllable "brok." Dr. Scripture and others begin measuring from "s" and "b." But the conductor's baton would never come down at these points. He would wait till the "s," "p," "r," the "b" and "r" were cleared, however long the preliminary hissing and purring went on, and beat time upon the explosion of the vowel.

That is one little trap for the empirical measurer: the greater one is this, that no one could quite prove from such measurements of spoken verse that the regular measure existed. In the same way no one could ever prove certainly by measurement of the three angles of a triangle that they must be equal to two right angles. In that case the discrepancy between knowledge and experience arises from the fallibility of the draughtsman's hand, of his pen, of his paper. Yet we know that the axiom stands. In the case of verse the constant little discrepancies arise from another cause. The regular equal units of time in verse are straddled across by waves of rhythm, small or large, not necessarily equal to one another. These are the waves of significance, of thought and feeling embodied in phrases, sentences, paragraphs. A thought or feeling as such cannot be measured, but its expression in words can, and the balance and proportion of those waves, playing over the regular metrical structure, make up the fascination of poetical composition. Each one of those waves is locked up with a group of the regular units by the fact that the emphatic stresses of meaning coincide with the stresses of metre. But it fights a little with regularity for the sake of expressiveness. The phrase, being moulded on meaning and feeling, demands perpetual slight delay or acceleration of time, extra-rhythmical pauses, and sometimes stresses which are not metrical. This give-and-take between regular metre and expressive phrase, this elastic use of measure, this "dither" of arithmetic is familiar to every musician, who never dreams of performing a piece according to the metronome. But it completely puzzles our literary people, who are seldom familiar with music, and cannot therefore recognize the regularity that underlies the variations. The measures are not, to the measuring machine, equal, unless the verse is read mechanically. The living phrase uses them as stepping-places upon springs might be used, regularly disposed, but yielding backwards and forwards to the tread. Having seen how measurement is obscured in the simplest case, we shall better appreciate its difficulties in the more complex arts of space.

## THE UNWELCOME STRANGER

By JAMES AGATE

IF Mr. Galsworthy had written 'Loyalties' thirty years ago, how the critics would have pounced upon the first springs of antithetical habit! To-day they must fall back upon the trick of second nature, and an insistence that the brain of this conjuror, apparently "forcing" a sermon in the guise of a play, was never lined with any real quality of reclamation. His "message," to use a horrible word, has not been the simple one of saving sinners. Essential non-trespassers against the law, sacred or profane, his characters do not only that which is right but that also which is inevitable, given their lights. To use an old-fashioned illustration, we may say that Galsworthy is another Mr. Barlow. Now Mr. Barlow was no fool. You remember how, in that ever-delightful book, 'Sandford and Merton,' little Tommy would kill the cat which has wickedly devoured his pet robin. Mr. Barlow points out that birds are the lawful prey of

cats. Tommy protests that birds are not so cruel. The tutor shows him a bird gobbling a worm, and demonstrates that worms are the lawful prey of birds. Tommy desires to know what can be done about it and Mr. Barlow ingeniously arranges for a red-hot gridiron to be placed in front of the next robin's cage for the peculiar edification of the cat. So Mr. Galsworthy. The poor are the natural prey of the rich, the law-breaker of the law-giver, man of his master. What, we ask ourselves fiercely, are we going to do about it? And we probably decide that there is no more practicable bar to injustice and oppression than the adoption of the author's own quality of red-hot sympathy. Contrary to custom we come away from 'Loyalties' feeling that, petty though the quarrel was, nothing could ever have been done about it. They were all masters together, victims not one of another but each of his own tradition.

The major Galsworthys always give one the impression of a brain-storm recollected in convalescence. It was touch and go, one suspects, whether the author of 'Strife' led his strikers to battle and fell, face to the capitalist, on the flags of Middlesbrough, or whether he sat down to plan what could fairly be said on both sides. Whereas this deft and minor play does not make me feel that the religionist strife which is at its root causes any stir in that passionate bosom. Why cannot man agree to live and let live, whether in the matter of race or country or creed? Call it charity, tolerance, compromise, what you will. Man's inability to achieve a working compromise, his persistence in regarding his own "lights" as the true illumination and all other perception as the outer darkness, is the keystone of Galsworthian drama, conflicting vision its arch. Its greatest strength has always lain in the author's espousal of each warring cause in turn; his impartial fanaticism. Obviously the virtue peculiar to these plays must be gone out of one in which the author may not take any side at all. It is, we feel, a fluke that Galsworthy was not a Falder nor yet his judge. He might conceivably have been the Jew of 'Loyalties,' but not a miracle could have made of him the upish brand of Christian of this play.

The Jew, of course, might equally well have been nigger or Chinaman, Chocktaw or Cherokee. Sufficient that he should be fired with the pride of race and, to the distinguished General Canynge, be antipathetic. But to him also the General is an unacquired taste. The author has been extraordinarily fair to De Levis, whom he makes intellectually honest and self-sufficient, less fair to Canynge, who is at once stupid and arrogant. The play begins with the theft of a thousand pounds from De Levis, who is a guest at a country-house party. He has the conviction that the thief is one Captain Ronald Dancy, D.S.O., while the General has proof. What does the General do? Does he confront Dancy with the evidence? No. He invites him to make the denial expected of an officer, and pledges his own gentlemanly faith in his innocence, well knowing him to be guilty. *Esprit de corps* such as this seems to me the last refuge of the genteel. "This fellow is one of us, therefore he must not be proved a thief" is not a doctrine to which I can say "Amen." Nor can I think it has the author's blessing. Now De Levis has the very shrewd idea that if the cases had been reversed the General would have gone through his pockets there and then. He proposes to make a fuss. Canynge threatens to turn him out of his clubs—blackmail, which, following on the heels of the similar offence in his last play, shows the author not over-gentle to our aristocracy. Ultimately, out of loyalty to club conventions, Dancy is forced to bring his libel action. The General, like Brer Fox, lies low and says nothing about his evidence. Out of loyalty to their respective professions, and the bottom falling out of their case, solicitor and counsel withdraw. Brer Canynge, he try to smuggle Dancy out of the country, giving him a chit to the Spanish War Office containing, presumably, a recommendation for a com-



mission. The police intervene and Dancy shoots himself.

This, I take it, is thundering bad Galsworthy, but very good anybody else. There is a well-calculated attempt to excuse Dancy. The money was used to satisfy another blackmailer who, being an Italian lodging-house keeper and not a British General, was inferentially a low fellow. It was also the price obtained by De Levis for a mare which Dancy had given him, and which had no business to run so well afterwards at Kempton. This defence is urged just far enough, and Mr. Eric Maturin's bearing gave it admirable colour. Equally skilful is the drawing of De Levis. He is a fussy, temperamental little cad, a toady yet aggressive, a snob hankering after alien advancement yet aflame with the pride of his own race. No playing of this part could possibly have bettered Mr. Ernest Milton's. He gave you that rare thing in acting, duality, the doubling of the spoken word by an inner emotion. You were moved not so much by what De Levis, under country-house constraint, forced himself to withhold, as by the dumb rancour of centuries. Behind him was not only the humiliation of the Middle Ages but the pride it could not shake. When the upstart General threatened to turn the Jew out of what another playwright has called "our little parish of St. James's," one expected Mr. Milton to round on him with the Roman's "There is a world elsewhere." But then, unlike Coriolanus, the Jew was a snob for whom the universe began at the Ritz and terminated at the Savoy. And at the heart of that universe, elevated to the peerage of the clubs, the socially magnificent, intellectually contemptible General Canynge. I have never seen Mr. Dawson Milward so good, so utterly fearless of inferior criticism, so free from possibility of self-reproach. Mr. Malcolm Keen, too, hit off to a nicety the gallant Major who would stick to Dancy even if he were proved a blackguard. But then, like Lady Teazle, he was careful to leave honour out of the question. Miss Meggie Albanesi made a pathetic squirrel of the Captain's wife, and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, who should be playing Hedda Gabler, frittered her talent away upon expensive cigarettes and cheap satire. But the play was admirably acted all round. I could not sufficiently admire Mr. Ben Field's peer of three generations ago nor the same actor's modern grocer. And I can never have enough of Mr. J. H. Roberts.

Sir James Barrie's 'Shall we Join the Ladies?' followed. If it were the work of an undistinguished author I should call it plain rubbish. I will content myself with distinguished rubbish.

## NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE

BY A WOODMAN

*These sketches, which are appearing serially in the SATURDAY REVIEW, are the work of a farm and forest labourer whose opportunities for gaining knowledge since he left school at the age of eight have been limited to the world of fields and woods. From his own rough notes and with the aid of his wife, who, fortunately, is an excellent penwoman, the fair copy was made by him in his scanty leisure; and with the exception of the very slightest editorial touches from the friend to whom he first showed them they remain as he wrote them.*

### V. FOREST LANDS

WHOLE districts of this country were at one time, according to historians, covered by huge forests, traces of which can still be found in many parts. In the south there are still huge tracts of these lands, where several rare and beautiful creatures that once were plentiful still make their haunts or homes. The progress of agriculture, which meant reclaiming parts, and in some cases whole tracts, of woodlands has, alas, made many extinct. And I am afraid unless some game preservers and others make an effort to prevent it, several species of the furred and feathered rarities of to-day will share a like fate in the near future.

Writers have given abundant evidence that these are harmless and only keep the balance of Nature. When this wholesale clearing of forest lands took place these creatures, whose records now only exist in books, and themselves in museums, were disturbed from places that man scarcely visited once in a lifetime. Being unaccustomed to his ways, they were easy victims when forced to live in close proximity with him.

In Warwickshire there are still wooded districts, parts of that huge Forest of Arden. Hamlets and villages bear names that relate to those far-off times when they were in some cases single houses in the forest glades. Large districts are now, however, given over to mining and agriculture where once wild cattle, deer, wolves, and others roamed at leisure. Proof of this is found by the fossilized remains which are brought to light from time to time in the stone and lime quarries of that county. Rich deposits of coal and other minerals underlie the districts which this huge forest covered. The true sign that coal is there, I have not seen anywhere in this part of Sussex where I now reside. An instance of the truth of this I will give here. A geologist was one day walking with a gentleman over some outlying portions of his estate every yard of which I have known from my boyhood. He told him that coal in great abundance lay underneath. To-day, within a mile of the spot where this conversation took place, a shaft has been sunk, a village school and church built, and one more spot of primitive Nature added to our great hive of industry. But though large tracts are given to the afore-mentioned pursuits, there are still places where wild life can be watched enjoying its natural freedom. Most of my sketches are written from notes and observations made by me in Warwickshire. The following words in Goldsmith's poem, 'The Deserted Village,' although not taken from any English scene, fit in very well with the past lives of the old foresters that lived in the forest glades:

His best companions innocence and health,  
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

Far from the madding crowd, away from the beaten track, they lived their lives and were perfectly happy. They had their own code of right and wrong, and, believe me, they were not far out. Loyal henchmen and true to their masters their descendants are to-day. Work and be one with them, as I was for nearly thirty years, and then, whatever your opinion was on the subject it will be altered. Old traditions and grievances have been handed down from father to son for generations, and many instances of these I could record which I know to be perfectly true. Skilled craftsmen lived in these hamlets in times past, who made edge tools with the keenness of a razor for cutting. They are still to be found in some parts of Sussex, but so far as I know the families that lived in those parts of Warwickshire best known to me are, like many wild creatures, gone for ever. Their tools I have used, and perhaps some day they may come into my possession again: not to work with, but to bring back old memories. Whatever may be said or written of the Midlands, they cannot compare with the primitive Nature of Sussex. Here we can wander for hours among forest lands of unspeakable beauty. From the window of the room where I am now writing there is one of the loveliest views of hill and dale imaginable. A long range of South Downs, with their wooded coombes, parts of Charlton Forest, yellow cornfields, with here and there a homestead, and rich pasture land make a typical study for an artist's canvas: a bit of rural England. No pit shafts or slag heaps mar the landscape of this lovely part of Sussex, but memory travels back unaided to the lonely stretches of the River Avon, and the quiet spots where the polecat has been found since I was a boy. As we inhale the odours of pine and heather among the restful hollows of these southern hills, something steals over me that is beyond mortal man to describe. Nature may be not unfitted compared to a kindly mother, seeking to soothe

her fretful children: thus it is that in our low appreciation and observations of creation, in its ever-varying aspects, we are often made to lose the sense of the truths of life; and the sorrowing heart is comforted, and we are to leave all with Him who fashioned hill and hollow, man and beast, fish and fowl, every creeping thing, and every blade of grass.

## Verse

### A DULL DAY

HOW break this cloud that clings to-day  
About my stifling mind?  
How wake to life these muffled ears,  
These eyes so nearly blind?

The world, I know, lies beautiful  
To-day as every day:  
I see the sparrows from the tree  
Shaking a rain-drop spray;

And times there are when sight of this  
My inmost soul would wring  
With joy for the fresh changefulness  
Of each familiar thing.

But not to-day, when all my soul  
Knows but the dull and grey;  
Yet yearns for a vague loveliness  
Ten million worlds away.

IOLo A. WILLIAMS

### MAN'S WAY

JANE, she could not:  
Fay, she could.  
Mary would not,  
Kitty would.

My curse on Mary,  
Tears for Jane.  
Kitty I'll love  
And love again.

Yet in the end  
I'll marry Fay.  
Forgive it, Kitty,  
'Tis man's way.

L. A. G. STRONG

## Correspondence

### MAISON À VENDRE

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

SPRING is well in sight: in ten days the *marronnier du vingt mars*—the new one, better than its predecessor—will show its sketchy green in the Champs-Élysées; a few days afterwards twenty, forty other trees will beckon the stroller up the Avenue and down towards the Bois, suddenly ennobled by taller-looking trees; then a few strong suns and April will be here. That will be the time to ramble on to Bagatelle before the rose-garden draws too many people, and have the whiteness and loveliness of the château to one's self. Many a peaceful morning hour have I remorselessly given to the spirit of this place: I am dying to give it more. I am like Verlaine, who in his humble room at the Hôtel des Mines, or from his even humbler bed at the Hôpital Necker, blessed the eighteenth century for having been rich and lavish. I am grateful to the Comte d'Artois for building the mansions in the rue du Regard which show the architects of the boulevard Raspail what their grandfathers could do, and I am grateful to him for squandering the public money on Bagatelle—built in a month for Marie-Antoinette—after all, only the Revolution followed. But when I sit in that quiet part of the Bois and choose to see ghosts, it is only Sir Richard Wallace

whom I conjure up. I know nothing about Sir Richard except that he beautified Paris with his little fountains and bought Bagatelle. But I love him. That man adored beauty and ordered his millions to be pages to grace; that is enough. Had he not fallen in love with Bagatelle and bought it, the château might have grown damp, green and despised before beginning to crumble away, or Chauchard, the owner of the Louvre stores who later on built himself a house lower down in the Bois, might have peopled the garden with his marble rabbits, or, worse luck still, the City of Paris might with a bad grace have made up its obstinate mind to buy and proceeded to improve it. Whoever and whatever Sir Richard Wallace was, he loved Bagatelle enough to make it his home and admired it enough to leave it as he found it. May England be able to spare more of his kind!

I often think these thoughts when I pass another historic place, now for sale, a stone's throw away from the room—itsself full of associations—in which I am writing. On the boulevard Montparnasse, close to Notre-Dame-des-Champs church, stands a house which the tall buildings opposite dwarf a little, but which must have seemed dignified and château-like when it rose in its own grounds in front of the grassy plots and elms of the rampart and *glacis*. No gate and no street were near. All that was to be heard must have been the bells of the Carmelites or of the Carthusian monks, three hundred yards away, or the trumpets of cavalry when the troopers rode in from the Versailles road. A gardener's house or two, still wearing their pink cast, show that the quarter must have looked like the quiet vineyards and cypress-gardens round Saint John Lateran used to look not so very long ago. During thirty years the once solitary mansion was the headquarters of the Parisian Tramways Company, and still bears the Company's T on its pediment. You cannot look at it long without noticing another initial, an old-fashioned R, on every wrought-iron balcony. Here, in far-away summers, used to live Hyacinthe Rigaud, the painter of the Grand Roi and of Bossuet, *maître des couleurs*, as an inscription says of another old artist, the only man who in front of such sitters and undoubtedly realizing their majesty, no less obviously painted for his own pleasure. Rigaud was an independent person, as Pyrenees-born French people often are; he condescended to exhibit at the Salon only once in his long life, and I am glad to reflect that at a time when artists were still regarded as artisans he charged high, and did his best to overcharge, for his work. Perhaps the exchequer of the Bishopric of Meaux paid for the painter's caprice when he bought himself this dwelling. For Rigaud possessed in the centre of Paris another house, dingy and ugly, which I sometimes pass, where he died. The Montparnasse house was to be an artist's pleasure, to be sought during the hot months, and perhaps Rigaud was criticized for indulging in such luxuries. Only rich people went away during the summer. Boileau, it is true, possessed a cottage at Auteuil, less than an hour's walk from his bachelor's lodgings in the Cloître Notre-Dame, but neither Molière nor Racine ever thought of leaving Paris in summer. The cool breeze which travels along the banks of the Seine at night was enough change from the stuffiness of their usual quarters. When Rigaud looked round for a summer retreat the recollection of his native mountains, left when he was twenty and never revisited afterwards, did not rise in his mind. He merely strolled to where land was cheap, neighbours were few, and perhaps the sunset could be seen over the Meudon Woods, and selected a spot. It was full a quarter of a mile past the rue de Vaugirard, and the rue de Vaugirard was the limit of the civilized world. Trousen in his advice to seminarists takes special note of that street: the young men are not to look into the Court carriages coming back from Versailles, but they are not to speak to the harvesters either. Poppies fluttered where now stand



rows of grey houses, we fancy to be sold. Rigaud, protected by the wall and moat on one side and by conventional property on the other, could enjoy nature as if he had been hundreds of miles away.

There are still many gardens left which testify to the rural character of the quarter. Madame de Lafayette's house has one, Madame du Barry's has another, and I watch a robin in it every day; Quinet's house opposite Sainte-Beuve's six-room cottage has one too, and this garden adjoins Rigaud's. Trees peep over or round most houses.

O! for a Sir Richard Wallace or a well-to-do artist who will save Rigaud's house from the ignominy of being sold to the Bernheim Syndicate! O! the melancholy of seeing places like the Couvent des Oiseaux, the Abbaye-aux-Bois, or a dear old place, close to here, where Victor Hugo settled shortly after his marriage and where snowballs used to shine in the shrubberies, make room for modern hideousness! The quarter is not expensive and it is convenient. Only the other day an American artist, who has a studio in Rome, told me that he could find Italian models on the boulevard Montparnasse more easily than on the Piazza di Spagna. *Exoriare aliquis!* And let it not be a *nouveau riche*. Yet, why not? The *nouveau riche's* grandson will be a person of old standing and perhaps might dream real dreams in Rigaud's garden. Let it be anybody, so long as all that gives us a feeling that the world is older than our frail bubbles is not destroyed bit by bit to leave us exposed and defenceless.

## Letters to the Editor

*The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

*Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*

### DR. A. BRANDL'S "DISCOVERY" ?

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—While thanking you for your most generous and scholarly review of my 'Life of Southampton,' I would like to add a few words in reference to your remark on Dr. A. Brandl's "discovery." When first I heard that he had been exciting America over the story of an Aladdin's hoard of Shakespearean treasure, discovered only to be destroyed, I smiled. For I had known that old romance all my life, as every Shakespearean has. I could not, at once, remember my authority, but at my first venture I secured one, at least, of many sources. In 1864 J. O. Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell-Phillips) printed 'Original Collections on Shakespeare, by John Jordan, from the original MS., written about 1780, London (10 copies only, each one signed J. O. H.).' On page 54 he refers to this tradition, apparently first started by Sir William Bishop. Halliwell did not believe in its genuineness, nor, apparently, has anyone else, so far as I know, until Dr. Brandl's find. The little booklet to which he refers is, however, interesting in itself from another aspect. It is written anonymously "By a strolling player, London, 1729." Against this is written, in pencil, in the British Museum copy, "John Roberts." Its title is 'An Answer to Mr. Pope's Preface to Shakespeare, in a letter to a friend, whereby the errors of that edition are accounted for.' He is chiefly indignant at Pope's scorn of the Players, and abuse of them, which, he thinks, reflects discredit upon Shakespeare, Hemings and Condell. After this, on page 40, the writer adds:

I have but one observation more concerning this Father of the Stage . . . How much is it to be lamented that two large chests full of this great man's papers and manuscripts fell into the hands of an ignorant baker of Warwick (who married one of the descendants from Shakespeare), were carelessly scattered and thrown about as garret lumber (and later, to the particular knowledge of Sir William Bishop) till they were all consumed in the general fire and destruction of that town.

My research days are over, and I have not looked up the records of the destruction of the town of Warwick by fire, but fire pursued Shakespeare in Warwick, in Stratford, in Southwark, and London. Ben Jonson's 'Execration of Vulcan' might be read against any of these. This was just the kind of story which would move the heart of a Shakespeare-loving "Strolling Player." But it was garnered without examination. We are all quite well acquainted with all the facts concerning the "descendants" of Shakespeare. None of them "married a baker in Warwick." Should we use the word "descendant" loosely, to include "collaterals and connexions" among the Hart family, we have the Rev. Cornelius Hallen's painstaking tabulation of the family pedigree, and none of these "married a baker in Warwick" at a date which would fit Bishop's gossip. It would be a melancholy satisfaction if we knew what really became of Shakespeare's papers and remembrances. We have all dreamed of finding them, even yet. But there is no consensus of opinion where they ought to be.

Yours etc.,

CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES

### 'EVOLUTION AND WILLIAM MORRIS'

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—'Evolution and William Morris' in your issue of March 11, possessed for me an exceptional interest. "The idle singer of an empty day" delivered lectures on Socialism on two occasions in Dundee in the Victorian period. The appreciation of Mr. Louis Golding is qualified by:

Morris was a minor poet, as, for all his enormous energies, he was minor in all occupations else of the human genius.

That is true to an approximate extent, but is it not unjust in a considerable degree to the super-skill, the art merit, and the poetic, if not divine, talent, or genius of Morris? No one would rank him with the greatest, but to classify Morris among "minor poets" is "to damn him with faint praise." The fosse between a minor and a great poet is as deep as a well and as wide as a church door. It includes perennial poetasters, and rhymsters of a Mother Hubbard description. It is to be regretted that there is not an intermediate circle, or circles, as in the 'Inferno,' in which minor poets, less and least, might be classified.

A standard authority in art, literature, and poetry states that 'The Earthly Paradise,' 1868, "confirmed the high reputation of Morris. It was impossible to praise too highly the exquisite and sustained beauty of form, of melody, of colour" of the lyrics. 'The Defence of Guinevere,' which was almost unrecognized by contemporary criticism, "is now recognized as one of the pearls of Victorian poetry." "We turn reluctantly," wrote the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1871, "from this noble poem ('The Earthly Paradise') as from the charming tales which Mr. Morris has gathered from the great storehouse of Greek tradition."

The above authority states that Morris "exercised more influence on art and decoration than Ruskin." He was, and is, acknowledged by standard authorities to be amongst the distinguished, if not the great, in art, literature, and poetry. The Senatus and the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, conferred no academic distinction upon Morris. Mr. Asquith is undistinguished in art, literature, or poetry. They erected a marble statue to him the other year in its venerable hall. Cardinal Wolsey founded the Universities of Ipswich and of Oxford in the reign of Henry the Eighth. They were to foster learning and struggling talent: to crown genius with the academic laurel wreath, not to send it down in disgrace, or cast it outside historic University walls. Was the honouring of a politician to the neglect of another with superior attainments, natural and acquired, within the horizon of that "man of learning" and Prince of the Church hundreds of years ago?

Yours etc.,

THOMAS OGILVY

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—I should like to break a friendly lance with Mr. Louis Golding on the subject of William Morris. Surely the condition that he raises, that a poet should write directly about his own time, would dismiss the greater part of nineteenth-century English poetry. Keats and Coleridge, Swinburne and Rossetti all in differing degrees dwelt in the regions of romance, and it is not fair to blame Morris for not writing about cranes and machinery when no other English poet has ever done so. What the poet writes about is really so supremely unimportant: what and how he writes is the thing that matters. Americans have written poems about machinery—but what poems! But in Morris we find a mysterious refflorescence, old and yet eternally new and bright and young, of the whole fairy-world of the pagan North and the Christian Middle Ages, and the fact that he was not particularly interested in "progress" no more matters than the fact that Blake despised and hated "imitative" art. The greatness of Morris is shown in his supreme creative poem 'Sigurd the Volsung,' wherein the buried Warrior-God of Scandinavia rises again from his cairn facing the Atlantic, and the grey old Father of the Gods goes to and fro in his cloak and hat. As soon blame Morris for writing of Norse and mediæval legends as Milton for writing of Greek and Hebrew ones: he was a prince of story-tellers, and if only Mr. Golding could get over his prejudice and read 'Sigurd'—which I am inclined to suppose he has not yet read—he might perhaps realize that England is too mighty an entity to be bound down on the procrustean bed of a tyrannous time-spirit.

Yours etc.,

WILFRID R. CHILDE

## 'DIRTY WORK'

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—My letter in defence of the naughty modern woman novelist seems to have made a few persons angry, though I am glad to see that at least two derived amusement from it—thus far have I helped to brighten London!

I would like to point out to the angry ones, while perhaps offering a little further entertainment to the others, that all the things which they say so tellingly and fervently about modern woman were said nearly sixty years ago by Mrs. Linton. The girl of 1868, for whom "nothing was too extraordinary or too exaggerated," who "with purity of taste, had lost also that precious purity and delicacy of perception," who saw "only the coarse gilding on the base token," is the great-grandmother of to-day, to whom the angry ones so earnestly bid us "sink back" if we would be saved.

Is further comment necessary?

Yours etc.,

London, S.W.

VERA

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Your correspondents in last week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, who were so shocked at Miss Wylie's and Vera's defence of the "emancipated" modern woman novelist, made some strange statements. Mr. Arnold Whittick declares that if women are wise they will "sink back to Victorianism." The italics are mine, and I feel that the words themselves are enough. Another, Mrs. White, says, "it is better to exaggerate the beauty of passion, than to emphasize its ugliness." This surely cannot pass unchallenged. Passion may often be very ugly indeed, and it is necessary that this should be pointed out, and even emphasized without sentimentality or any idealistic disguise. The modern woman novelist does not "grovel amongst the sordid realities of life," as Mr. Arnold Whittick suggests in his letter, but she declines to ignore realities, whether they be sordid or otherwise, and she looks

with suspicion on the doctrine of concealment, blushes, and the downcast eye. With her almost classical simplicity of clothing, her bobbed hair, and her freedom of mind and body, it seems absurd to deny that for all her outspokenness—call it shamelessness if you will, for she certainly feels she has nothing to be ashamed of—she is an improvement on Miss 1868, and a product to be proud of.

Yours etc.,

MOTHER OF THREE SONS

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—“O my! here's a lark. Come along, Bill, she's got no clothes on!” Such was the obscene boy's comment on seeing a classic picture.

I am indebted to a very old number of the SATURDAY REVIEW for the above, but much more indebted to the exposure of this phase of obscenity, which you have shown up in your recent criticism, headed 'Dirty Work,' and the letters it has called forth.

The ladies who uphold this very objectionable use of words and exposure of ideas, seem to forget:

That in the Captain's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy,

and that a foul word or an unclean thought, which would only be deemed coarse or ungentelemanly in a man, sullies a woman's lips with an indelible stain.

Women usually desire love or admiration, but they now seem to be in the unfortunate position of those who, unable to gain fame, prefer notoriety to a want of notice.

Is it not possible that this exuberance of dirtiness of thought and expression is a phase of lunacy? If the ladies, who give utterance to ideas and words which shock and disgust the greater number of those that hear them, were considered wanting in mental balance and deserving pity rather than contempt, I think this particular form of lunacy, called in old times "possession by an unclean spirit," would cease to be.

Yours etc.,

F. W. POWELL

Kirkdale Vicarage, Newton, Yorks.

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—It appears that Princess Bibesco has written a book that treats of ladies who smoke, sav "damn" and other words, which were unknown to refined people until Mr. Bernard Shaw introduced them into polite society; and, even more shocking, discuss the relations of the sexes with some freedom. Now all this is very reprehensible. Smoking is a bad habit, from the physiological point of view almost as undesirable as tea drinking, and "damn," though perhaps more comforting, is certainly less ladylike than "la"; but we live in an unsettled age, and it seems doubtful whether man can retain much longer his monopoly of all the vices. To discuss fundamental problems such as the relations of the sexes, or the nature of God, is unquestionably deplorably bad taste, but it seems that the "new woman" (who must by this time be getting quite old) is so far unsexed as to find such subjects more interesting than the doings of the neighbours' servants. After all it appears from Professor Freud, who to be sure is a German and cannot be expected to understand English conventions, that what one of your correspondents calls "transient animal passion" exercises quite an important influence on the life of man and, I blush to suggest it, also on the life of woman. Sexual relationship from the point of view of most of your correspondents has been so admirably portrayed by the late Mr. Charles Garvice and Miss Ethel Dell that it is perhaps understandable, if not excusable, that other novelists have approached the subject from a somewhat different angle.

Yours etc.,

KITSON BENNELL

Falkland Mansions, Hyndland, Glasgow



*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—It has always appeared to me a strange anomaly that the Press, which condemns works of fiction dealing in a neurotic fashion with sex problems, should give such books the utmost advertisement by publishing condemnatory articles in which the most obscene passages out of the book are quoted in justification of such condemnation.

Surely a universal Press silence would be the most damning criticism!

Yours etc.,

VALENTINE R. DRUMMOND-FRASER

Sidmouth

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Very many women of all ages, whom no one would think of calling "Victorian," will certainly be glad to read in a periodical so distinguished as your own, the review entitled 'Dirty Work,' of the Princess Bibesco's book. You say that if the popularity of the books on which you write continues, the lives of men and women will be poisoned at the source, and that there is a flood of novels of this kind written by women. I can only hope for the honour of my sex that these books are in reality less numerous than you describe. I firmly believe that there are hundreds and thousands of women in the world, women of strong emotions, who if ever they take up books of the type you describe, throw them aside instantly. I must say I have not read the book in question, and only know it from your own and other reviews. You express surprise that women in general have not given signs of disapproval of such publications. May I say that I think their silence is the best evidence of their disinclination to touch pitch?

Yours etc.,

(Mrs.) CONSTANCE SUTCLIFFE MARRIOTT

94 Boundary Road, N.W.8.

*'AN OBSESSION OF ENGLISH OPERA'**To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Bryant says: "Mr. Baughan in your columns calls attention to the inadequacies of English poetic drama for the purposes of opera." A careful perusal of Clement and Larousse's 'dictionnaire des Opéras' will show about eight hundred Italian, French and German operas produced during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the *libretti* of which were based on English novels, plays, and poems. Many were extremely successful. But *real* English opera is entirely a question of music and financial means of production. There is no theatre devoted to English opera, and even the British musical public appear to take a very lukewarm interest in the matter. Until real interest is aroused in England musical philanthropists might help native art by starting a fund for the production of translated English operas in Italy, France and Belgium, and Germany. It might also be useful politically as propaganda? The energetic Irishman, Michael William Balfe, composed successful operas for the Italian and French stages before he could induce a British manager to undertake the production of his works.

Yours etc.,

ANDREW DE TERNANT

36 Somerleyton Road, Brixton, S.W.

*WHERE IS THE GREATEST SUSTAINED ART EFFORT?**To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—May I broach this subject? In the theatre, Mr. James Agate would probably say without hesitation the 'Old Vic.' In painting, Mr. MacColl would cer-

tainly not cite the official art societies, and might suggest that in architecture a sustained effort is non-existent. In music, Mr. Baughan would perhaps agree that it is not to be found in the great concert halls. Some of your readers' views would be of interest.

I submit that the greatest permanent art effort in London is in the sphere of music—Church music. I refer to the Temple Church where, year in and year out, is a degree of achievement without comparison in Europe. Here we have the most dignified of all music—both ancient and modern—rendered in conformity with the original intention of the composers.

The enthusiasm which Dr. Walford Davies inspires is a subject for wonderment. This singing would be unique if only for the beauty of its word phrasing. I look forward to hearing other views on the subject of the most genuine art effort in London.

Yours etc.,

HUGH BLAKER

Old Isleworth

*A FALSE ANALOGY**To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—I have read with interest your comment on my letter in the last issue, but candidly confess that I am quite unconvinced and unrepentant.

The terms of the so-called Irish Treaty are so palpably outrageous and disloyal, that no true patriot or lover of justice could conscientiously support a Government that had perpetuated so base a surrender to rebels and murderers. I do deny, therefore, most emphatically that this false Treaty would have influenced a single unbiased elector in recording his vote had the Government appealed to the country immediately after its inception.

As regards your contention "that it was acclaimed throughout the Empire as a great achievement," I thought that Lord Carson had burst that bubble when he so scathingly exposed the perfect stage management with which the Prime Minister had advertised, as he had done on so many previous occasions, his own self-glorification.

Yours etc.,

E. JAMES

*THE ROYAL ACADEMY**To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—I should like to draw your attention to the following matter before the Selecting Committee of the Royal Academy begins its task. At the present time when there is so much unemployment and poverty among the professional class and especially among artists, would it not be wiser and kinder and more broad-minded to accept and hang as large a number of pictures as possible in the coming exhibition? We all admit that the æsthetic effect last year with comparatively few pictures hung was good. We know also that pictures "skied" do not show to advantage. But we must allow that a picture hung anywhere is better than not being hung at all, as it gives an opportunity, however remote, of being seen by the enormous crowds who visit the R.A. And who knows but that this opportunity may attract the attention and strike the fancy of some visitor, who may even go so far as to make a purchase?

Yours etc.,

H. W.

*A POSSIBLE SOLUTION FOR IRELAND**To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Your correspondent, Capt. Cosby, undoubtedly has the welfare of his country at heart, as possibly have all Irishmen: but I fear that, like many of his fellow-countrymen, he lacks a sense of the practical.

Surely he must know that material disarmament will never prevent war or ensure peace. May I ask what he means by arms? Proscribe all kinds of explosives and firearms, the sword and pike remain; prohibit these, and men will fight with sticks and stones. Again, how is the law forbidding the possession of arms to be enforced? Surely only by an armed force. Who will determine the composition of this armed force? Who will pay for it? And to whom will it be loyal?

Unity, peace and concord will not be achieved in Ireland by means of experiments such as your correspondent suggests. Public opinion in Ireland suffers from myopia—morally, politically, economically and geographically. Public opinion is, or should be, manufactured by the Government (through its publicity and educational departments), the Press and the Church; if these three bodies would devote money, time and energy towards teaching Irishmen "my duty towards my neighbour," instead of fostering hate and intolerance, and wasting time on dead languages, they would have achieved something towards the solution of the Irish problem; for the Irish people might then realize that loyalty to the governing authority is the essence of freedom.

Yours etc.,

ANGLO-SAXON

Queenstown, Co. Cork

### THE CIVIL SERVICE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Some doubt was expressed recently in your columns as to the accuracy of my statement (in response to a previous enquiry), that there were in the Admiralty secretariat no civil servants receiving remuneration in excess of £3,000 per annum and only two receiving between £2,000 and £3,000, as against one at £2,000 in 1914. It was suggested that perhaps these figures did not include bonus or allowances.

I enclose evidence from an official source which I think you will agree is conclusive that my figures (which were taken from Navy Estimates) are correct, and that they include any bonus or allowance payable over and above substantive salary.

Yours etc.,

C. LL. BULLOCK

[Although our information came from the Admiralty itself, our correspondent's authority satisfies us that we were wrong and that he was right—which, making no pretence of infallibility, we gladly acknowledge.—Ed. S.R.]

### FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I see in the home papers that many cattle have been slaughtered in England on account of the foot and mouth sickness. May I use your columns to explain how this complaint is treated in South Africa?

When an animal is affected, his feet are sore and swollen. These we smear with strong carbolic oil twice a day. He licks the oil from his feet, and his tongue, which has been infected with the same disease, thus receives the remedy. In forty-eight hours, or less, the patient begins to feed. The oil should be applied twice, and afterwards once a day, until the animal is cured.

I have had three outbreaks of foot and mouth disease among my cattle, in different parts of South Africa, and have not lost a single case since they have been treated with carbolic oil.

Yours etc.,

A SOUTH AFRICAN FARMER

Transvaal, Feb. 21.

NOTE.—Readers experiencing any difficulty or delay in procuring the SATURDAY REVIEW should communicate with the Manager. The REVIEW is on sale at our office at 10 o'clock on Friday morning.

## Reviews

### DISENCHANTMENT

*Disenchantment.* By C. E. Montague. Chatto and Windus. 7s. net.

DRYDEN described Edmund Spenser as a poet's poet. Mr. C. E. Montague is an author's author. Known scarcely at all to the general reading public, his writings, whether anonymous in the newspaper of which he is the chief ornament, or in his books, are conned with a passionate and secret delight by other men of letters and journalists. They are fascinated by his astonishing gift of language, which can be eloquent or humorous, descriptive or argumentative with equal felicity; his gift too of saying, to an extent more near perfection, perhaps, than in the case of any other living author, precisely what he means, no more and no less. These are qualities of the rarest kind, but they carry with them a disability; they incline you, in your admiration for the amazing skill of Mr. Montague's expression, to attach a weight to his judgment which you would be reluctant to concede if he were less skilful in his presentation of it. Cock-sureness expressed with a fitness so perfected, a dexterity so absolute must, you feel, be right, and before you realize the implications of the position into which he is leading you, you find yourself assenting to a whole series of half-truths, and even truths more fractional than that, by reason of the ability of the handiwork with which they are set out.

The larger part of this book, strictly carrying out the purpose of its title, is, in fact, a translation by Mr. Montague of all the muttered and incoherent pessimisms and distresses of men tied down to the horror of water-logged and rat-ridden trenches day after day and night after night for three years of the intolerable weariness of war. Mr. Montague gives them explicitness for incoherency. He endows them with the gift of tongues marvellously transferred to paper. What he fails to observe is that the objects of their and his scorn are denied the same advantages. To the man accustomed to be self-reflecting and easily and completely self-expressive nothing can be so exasperating as the fumbling of the ordinary regular officer in conversation. These people do not think our way; they are incapable of stating themselves in our categories; they are not dialecticians and they are quite frequently unable to give a coherent reason for what they do. Confronted, therefore, with the slanders and scorns of which Mr. Montague has chosen to make himself the mouthpiece, they either preserve a sulky silence or they adventure some excuse which reads worse than the original charge. Confronted by Mr. Montague with the accusation that they give all the best posts to people who have been in the cavalry, they are apt to let judgment go by default, even though they know, and Mr. Montague ought to know, that of the five Army commanders in France at the time of the Armistice only one, Lord Byng, was a cavalry officer. One was an artilleryman, Lord Horne; two belonged to the infantry, Lord Rawlinson and Lord Plumer; and the last, General Birdwood, was an officer in the Indian Army. Confronted equally with his general accusation of stupor, unintelligence and a search for safety against those regular officers who were on the staff, they could point to the fact that a small group of nightly-bombed officers at Montreuil fed, clothed and provided ammunition and direction for a force larger than the population of any city in England outside London, and did it so well that not one of the opposition which Mr. Montague has made vociferous could ever complain that he did not get his daily ration of food and his daily quantity of ammunition.

Mr. Montague, though he became a soldier under particularly honourable circumstances at the outbreak of war, did not go to France till the retreat was long over. Had he been present at it we are confident that he would not have printed the foolish and slanderous



comments on the courage and fighting capacity of the regular army which are to be found from time to time in his pages. At times his disenchantment leads him not merely to be unfair to soldiers in the same army as himself, but historically inaccurate. To him the great advance of August 8, 1918, which swept the Germans back from Amiens is "a belated boon," a victory which turns sour in the mouth because it was won under a "foreign commander-in-chief" and adventured because the arrival of American forces enabled us to risk casualties which would otherwise have been unthinkable. This is, of course, quite definitely incorrect, first because the advance of August 8, in which, by the way, Lord Haig for the first time in the war commanded a French army, was made at the urgent insistence of British headquarters, and was not ordered but only assented to by Marshal Foch, and secondly, because the whole Allied military policy in the autumn of 1918 was changed by the determination of the British not to wait for America to put forth her numerical strength but to finish the matter there and then, as against the French policy, which inclined to the desirability of waiting for the final blow till the following spring, when the American troops would have been present in large numbers. Marshal Foch agreed to the proposal, with the results that we know. His enthusiasm for the British Army, his consistent eagerness both in public and in private to give it the fullest possible measure of praise for its successes, ought to spare him the somewhat neutral detachment with which Mr. Montague talks about him.

We state all these criticisms of Mr. Montague's book quite plainly because the essentials of it, which are set forth in his final pages, are so eloquently and forcibly put that they justify the whole book by their presence in it. Let us listen to this:

This joy of an Adam new to the garden and just looking round is brought by the normal child to the things that he does as well as those that he sees. To be suffered to do some plain work with the real spade used by mankind can give him a mystical exaltation: to come home with his legs, as the French say, re-entering his body from the fatigue of helping the gardener to weed beds sends him to sleep in the glow of a beatitude that is an end in itself. Then the paradoxes of conduct begin to twinkle into sight; sugar is good, but there is a time to refrain from taking it though you can; a lie will easily get you out of a scrape, and yet, strangely and beautifully, rapture possesses you when you have taken the scrape and left out the lie. Divine unreason, as little scrutable and yet as surely a friend as the star that hangs a lamp out from the Pole to show you the way across gorse-covered commons in Surrey. So he will toe the line of a duty, not with a mere release from dismay, but exultantly, with the fire and lifting of heart of the strong man and the bridegroom, feeling always the same secret and almost sensuous transport while he suppresses a base impulse that he felt when he pressed the warm turf with his hand or the crumbling clay trickled warm between his fingers.

A passage like this explains why to his friends, who would be his imitators if they knew how, Mr. Montague is a source not merely of pride but of despair.

## HENRY THE SIXTH

*Henry the Sixth.* By Mabel E. Christie. Constable. 16s. net.

EARLY in November, 1910, the ancient tomb of King Henry VI in the Chapel of St. George at Windsor was opened. After the remains had been examined they were interred for the third time—as if the malignant fate which had robbed him of peace during his life, still unappeased, grudged his crumbling relics the shelter of the crypt. The least heroic of our kings, the divinity which hedged him was rather the pale glow of a lesser provincial saint than the glory which should have encompassed the latest of the sons of Brut.

When Carlyle wrote of the Hero as King, he was re-creating the mediæval conception of monarchy, a conception no English king fulfilled less than Henry VI. The very persistence with which the ghost of

kingship haunts our constitutional forms suggests the intensely personal character of royal government during the Middle Ages. Monarchy, although it was sometimes quite as powerful, later became explicit and self-conscious. Even the autocratic Louis XIV found it necessary to remonstrate that the State was his. In feudal England such an observation would have been gratuitous. The lengthy itineraries of our kings provide an interesting illustration of the directness of their administration, and the earliest budgets are nothing more than household accounts.

We may convince ourselves negatively of the justice of our generalization by studying such an instance as Henry provides of the débâcle which resulted when the King was not also a Hero. Historians invariably write of him with contemptuous pity. Miss Christie notes in passing that he was a meek scape-goat for the sins of his father and grandfather—a pleasantly chivalrous touch. But we accept rather dubiously the consolation which she cheerfully offers us. "Had Henry not suffered for the sins of his dynasty at a time when England was at the lowest ebb in her history, the people would never have known the strong regenerating rule of the Tudors. His ruin was necessary for the good of his country." If his people realized its necessity as clearly as Miss Christie does, they must have been seriously embarrassed, for, by 1484, "the unhappy King had come to be revered as a saint and it was even said that miracles were wrought at his tomb."

The story of Henry's reign is a tragedy in the classic sense. For the catastrophes which befell himself and his house resulted from the defects of his own qualities. His self-effacement tempted the audacity of ruder natures. The opponents of authoritarianism in education will note with interest that Henry's want of spirit was in some measure due to the severity of his grim tutor, the Earl of Warwick, to whom belongs "the very doubtful credit of chastising nearly all the spirit out of him." The falseness of Henry's position is well illustrated by the ferocious indictments which he signed in an apartment of the Castle at Rouen at the bidding of his tutor. Little knew Jeanne d'Arc, waiting in a dungeon below, rapt in her ecstasies, what doom a king hardly less saintly than herself was assigning to her. The three extant contemporary portraits, photographs of which are included in this excellent volume, are in themselves a pathetic commentary on a life and reign so racked with torment. The confused struggle which we have agreed to miscall the Wars of the Roses eddied furiously round the bewildered king, though it hardly seemed to draw him into the centre of its current. His detachment and resignation must frequently have been found exasperating; all the more so because his physical and moral courage, springing alike from his intense faith, were incontestable. "If fate placed him on a battle-field, he remained there, even though wounded and in great danger, when the lords who were supporting him at the moment fled for their lives." And again, "Although he several times buckled on his armour during the Civil War, upon joining battle he steadfastly refused to use his weapon against Christian men." Two ruffians set upon him and wound him in the neck. He merely rebukes them, in words of such simplicity and pathos that even at so late a day the heart aches for this unfortunate who should have worn the tonsure rather than the crown. "Forsothe and forsothe," said Henry, "Ye do foully to smyte a Kinge enoynted so." We understand the more easily both the affection and contempt which always attended him.

An eminent historian once dismissed the period covered by Henry's reign as "bloody and barren." Yet certain national energies, and these not of minor importance, flourished despite all the tumults and disasters. The establishment of Eton and King's College, Cambridge, should in themselves be sufficient to redeem the hapless king from an unqualified condemnation. Henry's example resulted in a large increase of endow-

ments and educational facilities. For it must not be forgotten that other classes of Englishmen were singularly indifferent to the self-bludgeonings of the barons. It is comfortable to reflect that Gothic architecture, now entering on its latest phase, was to owe to the pious munificence of the cloth industry a development whose poise and serenity these turmoils could not embarrass. The bones of this unhappy king might well have rested in peace in the knowledge that the pure lines of English perpendicular were rising throughout the land to erect for his house a brave monument.

### PEACE CONFERENCE PORTRAITS

*The Big Four and Others of the Peace Conference.*  
By Robert Lansing. Hutchinson. 8s.6d. net.

MR. LANSING'S earlier book dealing with the Conference was, it may be recalled, chiefly an indictment of the policy of Mr. Wilson, under whom he had served as Secretary of State, and whose colleague he was at Paris. The present volume is not polemical in intention, as it aims at giving a series of portraits, but since these are, quite naturally, coloured by Mr. Lansing's own views and prepossessions, they must provoke some criticism, both of himself and of the men who, all unconscious, sat for him. So far as his European subjects or sitters were concerned, he saw them as tainted with insincerity and international immorality—as grabbers and grafters, though not for themselves individually, but for their respective countries; and he compared them unfavourably with the American representatives who were devoted to the ideal—to Humanity rather than particular national interests. Whatever may be thought of the existence or the non-existence of a genuine foundation for this distinction between the Europeans and the Americans at the Conference, it is certainly the case that Mr. Lansing does not make a sufficiently sympathetic allowance for the fact that the former represented, as no Americans did or could do, lands which had been so ravished and peoples who had suffered such terrible things that no standpoint other than that of national interest was possible to them. The portraits he has painted were apt in the circumstances to be, and are, a little hard and harsh in tone. But this is not to say that they lack importance. Mr. Lansing, indeed, has tried to be impersonal and judicial, but he has not quite succeeded in the effort. He had plenty of opportunities of observing, of making studies, of forming and even revising his judgments, as he tells us he sometimes did. He was present, he states in the Introduction, at no fewer than seventy-six meetings of the Council of Ten or of the same body sitting as the Supreme War Council. He thus became well acquainted with M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George, and Signor Orlando, the three statesmen who, with Mr. Wilson, already well known to him, came to be styled the Big Four; besides, he must often have met them socially.

In Mr. Lansing's opinion Clemenceau was the outstanding figure in the Conference—"the strongest man of the many strong men who participated in the negotiations," but he viewed every question "in the light of how it would affect France." How else could he view it, things being what they were? "To advance French interests was his dominant purpose." Quite so. Was it a fault in him to be thus ardently patriotic? There are Frenchmen to-day who think his patriotism did not go far enough. Mr. Lansing held that President Wilson should be the supreme leader of the Conference by reason of his position, that he should be its arbiter with whom should rest the last word. This did not happen, because Clemenceau "persuaded the President to assume a position which placed him on a level with the Premiers of the Entente Powers," the result being that Clemenceau became, consonant with international usage, the President of the Conference. According to Mr. Lansing, the delegates felt that Mr. Wilson stood for "international morality and justice,"

and he accounts for the failure of his Chief by stating that the latter had not worked out the application of the principles and precepts which he had declared while the war was in progress. Of Mr. Lloyd George Mr. Lansing says that his course was erratic, and that he often shifted his ground; indeed, he characterizes him as "shifty"—a mean word in painful contrast with the "brilliant improvisation" which is the synonym usually applied to the acrobatics of the Prime Minister by his flatterers. For the secrecy that prevailed in the Council of Ten and in the Council of Four Mr. Lansing blames Mr. Lloyd George, "through fear of the effect of publicity on his political fortunes." On the other hand, Mr. Lansing found him "socially an attractive person," but he describes him as out to get all he could for the Empire. Of Signor Orlando Mr. Lansing writes with some sympathy, as "possessing physical and mental characteristics which have left pleasant memories," and he has something to say about Fiume which is instructive and of topical interest. In addition to his studies of the Big Four, Mr. Lansing presents his impressions of four other members of the Conference—M. Venizelos, whom he thought to be crafty, the Emir Feisal, whom he admired, General Botha, whom he esteemed, and M. Paderewski, of whom he makes the somewhat surprising statement that he was greater as a statesman than as a musician.

### "THE HEAD"

*Edmund Warre.* By C. R. L. Fletcher. Murray. 21s. net.

PUBLIC schools have come in for at least their share of the destructive criticism with which it has become the habit of the day to assail venerable institutions. New methods may be better than old, but they will be old or have perished before their claim can carry weight. In wrangling over systems, the fact is overlooked that it is the individual that truly matters, and that it is by character and not by theory that great traditions are fashioned and maintained. Noble testimony to the truth of this principle is afforded by the subject of the biography before us.

The legend appearing in the forepart of Mr. Fletcher's fine study of "The Head" is one that he has done well to set before him. For truth lies deep in the seeming paradox: "Biography is always a work of the imagination"; and many a great life has been spoiled for posterity through want of such reflection. The portrait is wisely based upon the impressions, given generally in their own words, of those best able to appreciate the value of Warre's work in the varied spheres of his activity, and much credit is due to the writer both for his skill in eliciting from his informants the best that they could offer and for his judgment in the selection of his material. He has given the best too of himself, and the picture is no mere abstract rendering of an ideal type, but that of a man, a great man, but none the less with defects of vision and blemishes of character without which he could not have been great and certainly would not have been the boys' idol that he was. Warre was, in fact, deficient in many of the qualities that might be supposed to be essential in a schoolmaster. His understanding of the classics was lively but not profound, and his methods of teaching them was certainly open to criticism. He had little felicity of expression, whether in sermons or in addressing the school, although on occasion when deeply moved he could be formidable. In the matter of discipline, as Mr. Fletcher observes, "he seemed to trust his boys almost too thoroughly: the result was that they were nearly all trustworthy, but there were some who took advantage of him." The writer, moreover, "feels bound to state that he had too little sympathy for 'strange' boys. . . His sympathies went out more to average people." But with this reservation, and it is doubtful whether it can be regarded wholly as a defect in a schoolmaster whose duty is perhaps more



to the ordinary boy (the "strange" boy, if there be anything in his strangeness, will generally contrive to look after himself), it was his fine gift of sympathy, "the key," as Warre himself once expressed it, "and the only key to knowledge of mankind," that lay at the root of his influence over both masters and boys—sympathy, it must be added, without taint of sentimentality, which he rightly shunned as poison. "If this country," he was fond of saying, and it was one of his wisest sayings, "is ever utterly ruined, it will be from an excess of sentimentality." It is certain that his true nobility of character, his inspiring idealism, his undeviating justice, which, with his magnetic personality and majestic presence, enabled him to capture the imagination of the boys as perhaps no other headmaster has done, have left their mark not only, to use his own fine words, upon "the Great School with which my own life has been bound up," but upon the history of his country in preparing its youth for the supreme ordeal through which it has lately passed. It is worthy of note that in 1896 Warre wrote to his sister: "The young Kaiser will cause a European war if he does not take care."

### ROUND THE CHURCHES

*Painted Windows.* By A Gentleman with a Duster. Mills & Boon. 5s. net.

THE lively writer who has been enjoying a tempered anonymity as A Gentleman with a Duster has now added to his 'Mirrors of Downing Street' and his 'Glass of Fashion' a series of essays under the above title on various eminent people in the churches. We do not pretend to understand the significance of the title unless it be that whereas in the statesmen who are our mirrors the author could see something of himself, he did permit himself to feel that to a certain extent, and allowing for the colour effects of the painting, he could see through the clergy. On the whole they come off well at his hands; for Mr. Begbie, who is the Gentleman with a Duster, has, whether writing anonymously or over his own name, always treated a parson as if he loved him, so that all of them in one way or another, except, perhaps, Dr. W. E. Orchard, who is let off with a caution, are treated not merely with charity but with charity laid on with a trowel. Moreover, further to entertain the reader, Mr. Begbie has returned to the habit, which used to be so delightful when he wrote articles for the Press, of decorating his pages and enhancing his subjects by references to eminent people of the past. We learn, for instance, that General Bramwell Booth "as a boy, like the poet Gray and the late Lord Salisbury," suffered a good deal of bullying at school. When he is talking of Dr. Hensley Henson he says "the words of Guiccardini came into my mind" and then quotes a very platitudinous utterance by that eminent Italian, and so on and so forth. It would be pleasant to review Mr. Begbie in this manner and to say that, unlike Isaiah, Milton and the late Mr. Charles Garvice, he does not generally write under his own name, or to pretend that the less striking utterances of Leopardi rise naturally to the surface of one's mind when one is reviewing. But it would not be quite fair to Mr. Begbie, who, after all, does show a kind of emotional sincerity in these papers which prevents us from smiling too much at his eccentricity and no doubt, does make them acceptable, especially to that class of spiritual tourist who reads the list of next day's services in the *Times* on Saturday and goes earnestly round the town parson-hunting on Sunday morning.

### Fiction

#### 'ROSITA CORONA'

*The Jewel in the Lotus.* By Rosita Forbes. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

WE confess to having looked forward almost with excitement to reading a novel by Mrs. Rosita Forbes. The gay and charming lady who enlivened London on her triumphant return from her desert journey stage-managed her arrival so perfectly as to make it appear that exploration was one of the lightest of amusements, and that explorers, instead of being the savage, weather-beaten and travel-scarred veterans of convention, were capable of being as light-hearted as unscarred, as amusing and as amused as Mrs. Forbes herself in fact was. But she overdid it. She so suppressed all the difficult and painful and dangerous side of her wonderful adventure—to say nothing of whatever human side it may have had—that, while thinking to free it from boredom, she actually deprived it of some of its legitimate interest. There are all kinds of questions, many of them indiscreet, which one longed to ask Mrs. Forbes after reading her wonderful narrative 'The Secret of the Sahara.' When, therefore, we opened her novel and found that it was all about a charming lady who travelled in the desert and came back and burst forth on London on her return, to be entertained, run after, loved, amused, and bored, we hoped that some of our indiscreet questions might be answered.

Well, we can only say that the authoress has been very kind to the unfortunate mortals whose curiosity she had piqued. Her heroine is a luxurious, unconventional, delightful lady, who very much enjoys the contrast between Mayfair and the desert, and who wears very pretty clothes and tells us a great deal about them. It is characteristic that she should bear the name of a cigar; and although often the quality is full *corona-corona* of an admirable year, there are pages in which *Larranaga* would have been a more suitable name for her, and others indeed in which she almost descended to the status of an *avec vous*. But whatever she does, Corona's moods and doings are symbolized in the hats she wears. Her hat becomes a kind of familiar spirit like the gas in one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's 'Tales of the Five Towns.' We can tell what is going to happen by the kind of hat she is wearing, and its colour; and we always picture her as looking very charming in it. For a time Corona endures the boredom of London society, varied by a quite skilfully-told episode of love with an earnest young man, and finally decides to return to the desert and to the man whom for the moment she really loves. As it turns out, one of the immediate consequences of her return to the desert was to get rid of the husband she had so recently and so passionately acquired. And we lose her in the mists. What may have happened to him we do not know, since he does not wear great fuchsia-coloured hats, or have any of the loving detail and elaboration, such as are applied to the heroine, spent upon the delineation of his character. Perhaps we do not very much care. But we are quite sorry to part with Corona, in spite of her self-centredness and her tiresome habit of going her own way and devastating our hearts with her beauty, her big hats and her alternate complacency and coldness. And if Mrs. Rosita Forbes would only devote as much attention to the mind of her next heroine as she has devoted to the clothes of Corona, we shall be sure of some interesting and lively reading.

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**The Life and Death of Harriett Freen.** By May Sinclair. Collins. 6s. net.

Miss Sinclair has here achieved a remarkable technical feat. To tell in the shortest possible space the life story of a woman from the day of her birth to the day of her death, to sketch her life as vividly as possible, yet leaving out nothing that is essential to the revelation of her character. This sketch is so intensely realized, the perspective is so perfect, each touch is put in with such certainty and delicacy that the result is a character study extremely finished and convincing. The reader is left with a perfect knowledge of Harriett Freen, in a sense a common type, the conventional celibate woman, fighting all her life the desires she dare not acknowledge, soured by the bitterness of accumulative frustration which is ever just beneath the surface and keeps forcing itself desperately through the placid exterior of Old Maidism.

THE foregoing remarks are not those of the reviewer, who had prepared humbly to confront this book with what courage he might by himself, but are from a note supplied by way of review by the publisher, and printed on the wrapper which goes round Miss Sinclair's book. No doubt the business man—and publishers are business men—is entitled to recommend his own wares, and this kind of thing would not need to be taken seriously as other than a legitimate exercise of advertising enterprise were it not notorious that there are newspapers which ought to know better but are capable of adopting a ready-made criticism of this kind and using it as a review. Though, therefore, quite honest in itself, it is apt to prove a temptation to dishonesty in others, and we think publishers ought to be careful when they depart from the quite justifiable habit of describing the contents of the books they are publishing and go on to provide their readers with a professedly critical eulogy of them. Miss Sinclair is a novelist of distinction, and she stands in no need of assistance of this kind. Indeed, it positively does her harm, since one is tempted by a mere revulsion against these pre-digested impressions to find her book less good than perhaps it is. With all allowances made, however, we cannot think that this sketch is intensely realized at all, nor that in a type of literature which is admittedly difficult it approaches the sense of conviction which you get, for instance, from Mr. James Joyce's 'Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.' For there is no "half-way house" in a book of this kind. Either, as in the aforesaid phrase of Messrs. Collins's reviewer, it must be intensely realized, or else it fails altogether. A commonplace mind does not necessarily mean an empty mind, but Miss Sinclair, in her determination to stress the commonplaceness of Miss Harriett Freen, has very nearly succeeded in emptying her of literary content altogether.

## Competitions

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 2.

Solutions (and all correspondence relating thereto) should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2, and should reach there not later than the first post on the Friday following the date of publication.

1. Though small, a watchful guardian of his nest.
2. Shelter the tourist here may find, and rest.
3. Flowed from his lips the Vedic hymn, 'tis said.
4. A foul old sorceress—lop off her head!
5. Acumen now, but sometimes this you'll need.
6. Describes the measured movement of a steed.
7. In Spain you'll find him easily, I think.
8. Was it not this that made the apostle sink?
9. Fanatic some may deem him,—others, knave.
10. Ere U-boats were, I journeyed 'neath the wave.
11. Of ordered industry a wondrous scene.
12. From scorching sunbeams what more welcome screen?
13. "Up from the burning core below" it streams.
14. Baseless, too often, all his golden dreams.
15. By Nature spotted, you may spot him too.
16. Thus artists designate a pleasing hue.
17. His to search out the victims of the gun.

A NAME REVERED,—AN HONOUR FAIRLY WON.

### Solution to Double Acrostic No. 1.

E	rgo	T
D	ebora	H
M	ous	E
U	nderclif	F
N	emae	A
D	unde	E
S	uito	R
P	ygm	Y
E		Quator
N	assa	U*
S	yring	E
E	agl	E
R	evison	N

\*See Garth's 'Dispensary,' I, 175:

The peals of Nassau's arms these eyes unclose;  
Mine he molests, to give the world repose.  
That case I offer, with contempt he flies,  
His COUCH A TRENCH, HIS CANOPY THE SKIES.

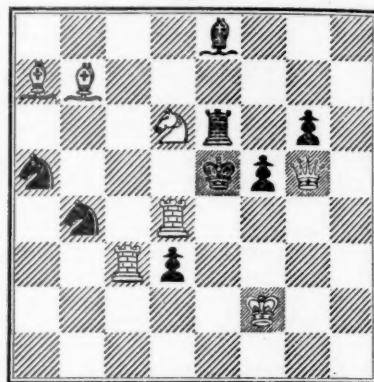
### Solution to Hidden Proverb.

"If you run after two hares, you will catch neither."

### CHESS PROBLEM No. 19.

By G. J. SLATER.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW and reach him before March 25.

### PROBLEM No. 18.

Solution.

WHITE:

- (1) Q-Rsq.
- (2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 17.—Correct from R. Black, A. S. Mitchell, Albert Taylor, G. E. Davies, Rev. S. W. Sutton, G. V. Nixon-Smith, and K. R. Malcolm.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. GRIMSHAW.—In No. 17, R-K3 would be answered by Q x Kt. The latest news of the next match for the world's championship is that Capablanca, the holder, has agreed to defend his title against the winner of a proposed match between Alechin and Rubinstein; and his main condition is that a stake of 10,000 dollars a side must be found. This we consider preposterous, and shall not be surprised to find that until the Cuban "quotes" a lower figure, he will be left in possession of his title. He will, doubtless, understand, should this occur, that everyone will soon realize that only the barrier raised by himself secures him in his present position. We had fondly hoped he was a better sportsman.

Obiter dicta Caissæ VII.

Manifest disparity between the skill of two opponents at chess should never lessen admiration for a brilliant game. The grander the sunset, the more certain the foil of a heavy cloud-scheme.

## Books Received

### ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

- Aspects and Impressions.** By Edmund Gosse. Cassell: 7s. 6d. net.
- Essays on English.** By Brander Mathews. Scribners: 10s. 6d. net.
- Form in Civilization.** Collected Papers on Art and Labour. By W. R. Lethaby. Milford, Oxford University Press: 3s. 6d. net.
- Jesus Human and Divine.** By Hastings Rashdall. Melrose: 3s. 6d. net.
- Johnsonian Cleanings.** By Aleyn Lyell Reade. Part III. Privately printed.
- Letters on Education.** By Edward Lyttelton. Cambridge University Press: 5s. net.



- Little Essays on Love and Virtue.** By Havelock Ellis. Black: 6s. net.  
**Passages from the Iliad.** By C. D. Locock. Allen & Unwin: 4s. 6d. net.  
**Since Cezanne.** By Clive Bell. Chatto & Windus: 7s. net.  
**The Claims of Duty.** By V. J. K. Brook. Dent: 3s. 6d. net.  
**The Problem of Style.** By J. Middleton Murry. Milford: 6s. 6d. net.  
**The Sense of Humour.** By Max Eastman. Scribners: 10s. 6d. net.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- A Short History of The International Language Movement.** By Professor A. L. Guerard. Fisher Unwin: 21s. net.  
**Early British Trackways.** By Alfred Watkins. Hereford, Watkins Meter Co.: 4s. 6d. net.  
**Europe in Convalescence.** By A. E. Zimmern. Mills & Boon: 5s. net.  
**Recent Happenings in Persia.** By J. M. Balfour. Blackwood: 21s. net.  
**The Cambridge Mediæval History. Vol. III. Germany and the Western Empire.** Cambridge University Press: 50s. net. (With maps.)  
**The Home Life of Swinburne.** By Clara Watts Dunton. Philpot: 15s. net.  
**Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him.** By Joseph P. Tumulty. Heinemann: 21s. net.

#### VERSE AND DRAMA

- The Black Virgin.** By Hermon Ould. Palmer: 4s. 6d. net.  
**The Love Match.** By Arnold Bennett. Chatto & Windus: 5s. net.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

- Adventures and Misadventures in Canada.** By "Lofty." Bale: 6s. net.  
**The Edge of the Jungle.** By William Beebe. Witherby: 12s. 6d. net.  
**The Wanderings of a Temporary Warrior.** By A. F. L. Bacon. Witherby: 10s. 6d. net.

#### THE SCIENCES

- A Primer of Social Science.** By Robert Jones. Constable: 4s. net.  
**Cosmic Vision.** By T. J. Cobden Sanderson. Cobden Sanderson: 10s. 6d. net.  
**Psychology: A Study of Mental Life.** By R. J. Woodworth. Methuen: 8s. 6d. net.  
**The Dalton Laboratory Plan.** By Evelyn Dewey. Dent: 4s. 6d. net.

#### FICTION

- King-of Kearsarge.** By Arthur O. Friel. Melrose: 7s. 6d. net.  
**The Highbrows.** By C. M. Joad. Cape: 6s. net.  
**The Hour of Splendour.** By Jessie Monteath Currie. Hodder & Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.  
**The McBrides.** By John Sillars. Blackwood: 7s. 6d. net.  
**The Spoils of Poynton, etc.** By Henry James. New edition. Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

- Conscription System in Japan.** By Gotaro Ogawa. Publications of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Milford, Oxford University Press.  
**Manual Greek Lexicon of the New Testament.** By Professor G. Abbott-Smith. Clark: 21s. net.  
**Unnoticed London.** By E. Montizambert. Dent: 4s. 6d. net.

### A Library List

The following books are suggested to those making up their library lists. An asterisk against a title denotes that it is fiction.

**Alarums and Excursions.** By James Agate. Grant Richards.  
**A Letter Book.** By George Saintsbury. Bell.  
**Alone.** By Norman Douglas. Chapman & Hall.  
**A Revision of the Treaty.** By J. M. Keynes. Macmillan.  
**Belief in God.** By Charles Gore. Murray.  
**\*Crome Yellow.** By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus.  
**Disenchantment.** By C. E. Montague. Chatto & Windus.  
**Essays and Addresses.** By Gilbert Murray. Allen & Unwin.  
**\*Greensea Island.** By Victor Bridges. Mills & Boon.  
**\*Guinea Girl.** By Norman Davey. Chapman & Hall.  
**\*Joan of Overbarrow.** By Anthony Wharton. Duckworth.  
**\*Jurgen.** By J. B. Cabell. Lane.  
**Last Days in New Guinea.** By C. A. W. Moncton. The Bodley Head.  
**Lord Byron's Correspondence.** Edited by John Murray. Murray.  
**Painted Windows.** By "A Gentleman with a Duster." Mills & Boon.  
**Peaceless Europe.** By Francesco Nitti. Cassell.  
**\*Search.** By Margaret Rivers Larmine. Chatto & Windus.  
**Ten Years at the Court of St. James.** By Baron von Eckardstein. Butterworth.  
**\*The Garden Party.** By Katharine Mansfield. Constable.  
**The Pleasures of Ignorance.** By Robert Lynd. Grant Richards.  
**The Riddle of the Rhine.** By Victor Lefebvre. Collins.  
**The Secrets of a Savoyard.** Henry A. Lytton. Jarrold.  
**\*Wanderers.** By Knut Hamsun. Gyldendal.

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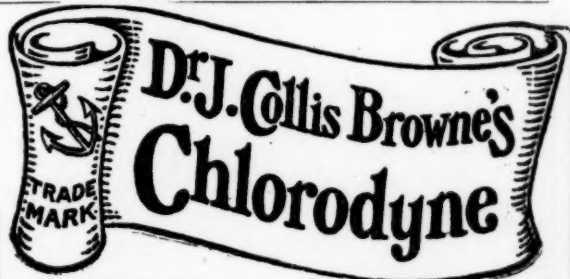
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Ordinary Branch Assurance Fund	...	15,036,063	17	9	Do. Provincial do.	...	11,061	8	8
Ordinary Branch Investments Reserve Fund	...	625,000	0	0	Do. Municipal do.	...	91,309	10	8
Industrial Branch Assurance Fund	...	5,175,881	15	0	Railway and other Debentures and Debenture Stocks—				
Industrial Branch Investments Reserve Fund	...	175,000	0	0	Home and Foreign	...	3,423,399	16	8
Staff Pension Fund	...	110,000	0	0	Railway and other Preference and Guaranteed Stocks	...	1,040,551	17	8
Provision for Income Tax on War Stock Interest and for					Do. and other Ordinary Stocks	...	64,073	15	8
Corporation Profits Tax	...	190,481	12	9	Rent Charges	...	64,488	15	8
		£21,612,427	5	6	Freehold Ground Rents	...	8,812	12	8
					House and Office Property	...	653,924	16	8
					Agents' Balances	...	79,336	8	8
					Outstanding Premiums	...	£452,025	10	7
					Less Abatement to provide, <i>inter alia</i> , for				
					Loss of Revenue	...	£260,751	14	9
					Do. Interest, Dividends, and Rents (less Income Tax)	...	191,373	15	8
					Interest accrued but not payable (less Income Tax)	...	16,473	4	8
					CASH:—				
					On Deposit	...	187,500	0	0
					In hand and on Current Account	...	225,415	14	1
					Furniture and Fixtures	...	7,767	3	4
							£21,612,427	5	6

PHILIP SMITH, Managing Directors.

JAMES S. PROCTOR, Managing Directors.

ROBERT MOSS, Secretary.

J. PROCTOR GREEN, General Managers.

W. H. ALDCROFT, F.I.A., General Managers.

R. WM. GREEN, Chairman.

JOHN T. SHUTT, Directors.

J. WILCOCK HOLGATE, Directors.

We report that we have audited the foregoing Balance Sheet and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion the said Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the Books of the Company.

We have examined the Cash transactions (Receipts and Payments) affecting the Accounts of the Company's Assets and Investments for the year ending 31st December, 1921, and we find the same in good order and properly vouched. We have also examined the Deeds and other securities representing the Assets and Investments stated in the foregoing Balance Sheet and we certify that they remained in the Company's possession and safe custody on the 31st December, 1921.

Manchester, 21st February, 1922.

WALTON, WATTS & CO.,

Chartered Accountants.

# THE YACHTING MONTHLY

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